CONDEMNED BY HISTORY

A Collection of Pamphlets and Articles

Kiev
Dnipro Publishers
1978

У2
П77

ПРИРЕЧЕНІ ІСТОРІЄЮ

Збірник памфлетів і статей

Compiled and introduced
by Taras MIHAL

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Anatole BILENKO

П $\frac{70500-103}{M205(04)-78}$ БЗ—8—24—78

© Dnipro Publishers, 1978

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION 5

FRATRICIDE

Rostislav Bratun. The Land Accuses 24
Yuri Melnichuk. The Girl and Death 32
Mikola Toropovsky. Escape from the Spy Net 43

ROAD OF TREASON

Yaroslav Halan. From Petlura to Petlura 54
Yaroslav Halan. People Without a Homeland 57
Petro Kozlanyuk. For Those Who're Still Deaf 67

HIRELINGS OF FASCISM

Volodimir Belyaev, Mikhailo Rudnitsky. "Saviors" of the Third Reich 71
Volodimir Vilny. The White Gloves of Herr Stetsko 85
Yaroslav Halan. For Which There Exists No Name 99
Yuri Melnichuk. Bandit Otaman 108
Yaroslav Halan. Vampires 129

AT FOREIGN THRESHOLDS

Taras Mihal. Young Minds Befuddled 140
Yuri Smolich. SKVU and What It Stands For 160
Rostislav Bratun. A-Bomb in a Fridge 166

LIKE DRAWS TO LIKE

Taras Mihal. Tarred With the Same Brush . . . 171
Fedir Malanchuk. Kinship Overdone 185

DWARFS OF SPIRIT

Yuri Smolich. Sanctities Disowned 192
Anton Khizhnyak. Rusty Nail 201
Vasil Mykitas. Engaged by Fascism 209

INTRODUCTION

The entire chronicle of activities of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists is an endless string of crime and treason. They have always been hostile to the true interests of the Ukrainian nation and to the friendship and internationalism reigning among the Soviet peoples.

The father of the nationalist movement, as its adherents hold, was Mikola Mikhnovsky, a Kiev lawyer and social and political journalist. Yet the real roots of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism must be sought much deeper. They can be traced to the writings of the historian Mikhailo Hrushevsky who advanced the spurious theories of the "classless," "exclusive" and "un-bourgeois" nature of the Ukrainian nation's development. It was an ideology of the Ukrainian bourgeoisie which was rapidly emerging as a wealthy propertied class in the late 19th century both in Russia and in Austria-Hungary, which had established an oppressive rule in the entire Ukrainian ethnographic territory.

Hrushevsky wanted to reconcile the class struggle of the Ukrainian people, a struggle which had been waged within its midst for centuries. His theories were also aimed against the unity of the Ukrainian and Russian people in their mutual aspirations for social rights. To create antagonisms between the proletarians of Ukraine and those of Russia the nationalist ideologues advanced the idea of the "exclusiveness" and "separateness" of the historical development of the Ukrainian people compared with that of the Russians and Byelorussians.

The First World War of 1914-1918 acted as a spur on the activities of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists. In Russia all parties, both Russian and Ukrainian except for the Bolshevik Party, supported the war and the czarist government's military policy. In Eastern Galicia and

Northern Bukovina Ukrainian parliamentary groups once again confirmed their loyalty to the warring Kaiser of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, Franz Josef I. During the first days of the war the so-called Supreme Ukrainian Rada (lit. Council, HUR — *Holovna ukraïnska rada*) was set up in Lviv and published a manifesto appealing to the Ukrainians in Galicia to join the armed fray against Russia. Within the Austro-Hungarian army a voluntary corps of the Ukrainian Riflemen of the Sich (USS — *Ukraïnski sichovi striltsi*) was built up, ready to hurl itself into a fratricidal war which was supposedly to bring about an 'independent Ukraine" — under the Hapsburgs, of course. These illusory dreams of the nation's "fathers" were supported by the leaders of the Ukrainian Social-Democratic Revolutionary Party (USDRP — *Ukraïska sotsial-demokratichna revolyutsiyna partia*) and other emigre groups who had left Russia and made Vienna their seat. They organized an Austrophile organization under the name of Union for the Liberation of Ukraine (SVU — *Soyuz vizvolennya Ukraïni*). Its objective was to sever Ukraine from Russia and transform it into an economic appendage of the Hapsburg monarchy, a dream which could not but spell economic backwardness — the fate of the entire Western Ukraine up till that time.

After the victory of the bourgeois-democratic revolution in Russia in February 1917 the USDRP and the Society of Ukrainian Progressives (TUP — *Tovaristvo ukraïnskikh postupovtsiv*, later renamed the Ukrainian Party of Socialists-Fedaralists) organized, in Kiev, a counter-revolutionary bourgeois-nationalist institution — the Central Rada under Mikhailo Hrushevsky (president), Volodimir Vinnichenko, Serhiy Yefremov and Simon Petlura. Actually, it was a Ukrainian version of the Russian Provisional Government in Petrograd.

The Central Rada met the October Socialist Revolution with hostility, and on November 7 (20), 1917, after usurping power in Kiev, it proclaimed itself the supreme body of the so-called Ukrainian National Republic (UNR).

The unbridled terror it unleashed, as well as its undemocratic laws and persecution of Bolsheviks, led to widespread opposition to the regime which was supported solely by the bayonets of Russian counterrevolutionary troops and a handful of units of the Galician Riflemen of the Sich. The armed Bolshevik uprising at Kiev's largest "Arsenal" plant was crushed with unbelievable brutality. About 700 workers were killed in the carnage, most of them after they ceased resistance because of lack of ammunition and men.

But history maintained its onward march. On December 12 (25), 1917, the First All-Ukraine Congress of Soviets met in Kharkiv and proclaimed Ukraine a Soviet Republic. The Congress elected the Central Executive Committee of Ukraine's Soviets, which formed the Government of Soviet Ukraine — the People's Secretariat. Both bodies of the government launched a vigorous campaign to consolidate Soviet power throughout Ukraine. They issued laws rescinding the legislation and instructions of the Central Rada and its Secretariat-General, and effected the implementation of Lenin's decrees on land, on workers' control of production, on the democratization of the army and other laws. The Congress declared the Ukrainian Republic a federative part of Soviet Russia.

The news about the proclamation of Ukraine as a Soviet Republic and the decision of the Congress to establish a fraternal union with Soviet Russia was met with great joy by the working people of Ukraine.

To save its shaky reputation, the Central Rada issued its Fourth Universal which proclaimed Ukraine an "independent, free, and sovereign state of the Ukrainian people." However, the Central Powers did not take these efforts seriously. The Prime Minister of Great Britain Lloyd George regarded the Fourth Universal an artificial and stillborn creation, while the then Minister of Munitions, Winston Churchill, called the leaders of the Central Rada no more and no less than "German agents." The

Central Rada's temporary allies — Germany and Austria-Hungary — only coveted the natural wealths of Ukraine to save their war-racked countries from hunger and economic collapse. That is why they were in such a hurry to prepare the Brest-Litovsk peace conference with the representatives of Vsevolod Holubovich, the Central Rada's President of the Council of Ministers.

On January 26 (February 8), 1918, Kiev was liberated by Soviet troops under the command of Yuri Kotsyubinsky, the son of the outstanding Ukrainian author Mikhailo Kotsyubinsky. The Central Rada fled to Zhitomir and later to Sarny in Volhynia. However, it still managed to sign the Brest-Litovsk Treaty of January 27 (February 9), 1918, and invited the German and Austrian imperialists to stem the advance of Soviet power in Ukraine. The Ukrainian nation paid dearly for this "alliance."

According to the agreement of April 22 alone, the Central Rada was bound to deliver to Germany over 30,000 tons of grain, 2,750,000 head of cattle, up to 500 million eggs, more than 20,000 tons of iron ore, and other raw materials. Without any agreements whatsoever whole trainloads of fertile Ukrainian soil were shipped to Germany.

Disregarding the authority of the Central Rada, the invited "guests" from the Kaiser's Germany behaved more like a foreign occupation force in Ukraine. In less than three months after the "historic" concord on mutual struggle against Soviet Ukraine, the invaders dissolved the so-called government of the Central Rada, placing at its head a more compliant puppet — Hetman Pavlo Skoropadsky.

But the former czarist general Skoropadsky, now "gallant Hetman of All Ukraine," could not withstand the mighty tide of revolution. The German and Austro-Hungarian troops were expelled from Ukraine. After the fall of what was called the Hetmanate, the bourgeois nationalist parties set up a new counterrevolutionary regime in

Ukraine — the Directory. Vinnichenko and Petlura reappeared on the political scene. The regiment of the Riflemen of the Sich became the nucleus of the regime's armed forces. Essentially the Directory was the same body, but with new masters: instead of relying on the Central Powers, which by now had lost the war, it turned to the victors, the Entente, who eagerly accepted the invitation of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists to fight against Soviet power. The French President Raymond Poincaré "graciously" proposed to make Ukraine his protectorate, while the US President Woodrow Wilson even sold to the "government" from Kiev, who nobody had even heard of in the USA, arms and military equipment to the tune of 11 million dollars.

The disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian empire led to an increase in the activities of the nationalist organizations in Eastern Galicia. Pointing to the manifesto of the last Austrian Emperor, Karl I, who in an attempt to save his collapsing monarchy acknowledged the right to autonomy for every national territory within his former empire, the representatives of Ukrainian bourgeois parties instituted the Ukrainian National Rada in Lviv. On the night of November 1, 1918, with the Polish bourgeoisie threatening to grab power before them, a group of Ukrainian officers and men occupied the most important strategic points in the city. On November 13 the nationalists proclaimed the Western Ukrainian National Republic (ZUNR — *Zakhidnoukraïnska narodna respublika*) and formed the so-called Provisional State Secretariat under Kost Levitsky, a lawyer and noted Austrophile who was the head of the Ukrainian Parliamentary Representation in Vienna.

The far-reaching ambitions of the nationalists met with the opposition of the Polish parties, and in the end resulted in an armed confrontation between Ukrainian and Polish troops in Lviv. Instead of averting bloodshed, the newly-concocted "government" was more concerned about establishing the closest possible ties with the Directory for mutual struggle against the Bolsheviks. On

November 21 the Polish troops occupied Lviv, in which some of the ZUNR government members still remained. It was only on January 3, 1919 that the patched-up Ukrainian National Rada met in its new capital of Stanislav to proclaim itself a "pre-parliament" of the ZUNR. It established brutal terror against any form of opposition. Some months later the punitive units subordinated to the Secretary of Internal Affairs Ivan Makukh put down in cold blood the uprisings of the starving workers of Drohobich and other industrial centers of Eastern Galicia. The uprising in Drohobich was led by communist organizations, which in February 1919 united into the Communist Party of Eastern Galicia, the first Marxist party in this part of Ukraine.

In the meantime, on January 16, 1919, the Directory declared war on Soviet Russia. But this proved of no consequence to the subsequent developments. Nothing came out of the meeting of the Labor Congress which proclaimed the union of the UNR and the ZUNR in what was supposed to become one Great Ukrainian Republic.

The union of the bourgeois elements in both parts of Ukraine went against the vital interests of the Ukrainian people, their liberties and human rights. However, the union of the workers and poor peasantry, who waged a just struggle under the leadership of the Bolsheviks, proved more powerful and reliable. The nationalists themselves had to admit this. "When the Labor Congress was holding its meetings," one of them later recalled, "news was received that the Bolsheviks were rapidly advancing on Kiev. So on January 28, 1919 [the Congress] endorsed a law on the temporary form of the Ukrainian government and adjourned..." Most of the members of this "government" fled to Kamyanets-Podilsky where they were joined by the remnants of the Ukrainian Galician Army (UGA) retreating under the blows of fresh Polish troops under General Jozef Haller, which were well equipped by the French government. Here in Kamyanets-Podilsky the leaders of

the UNR and the ZUNR met — two "republics" on the run, two "governments" without subjects, two "armies" without men and ammunition.

The occupation of Eastern Galicia by bourgeois Poland in the summer of 1919, of Northern Bukovina by boyar-ruled Rumania in November 1918, and of Transcarpathia by bourgeois Czechoslovakia did not shatter the aspirations of the working people of Western Ukraine to reunite with their brothers in Soviet Ukraine. Many years of revolutionary struggle guided by communists were yet to pass till these aspirations came true. But at this stage the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists were still selling out to foreign masters, betraying their people, opposing the legitimate people's power in Soviet Ukraine, and suppressing any attempt at revolutionary struggle in the occupied territories of Western Ukraine.

On April 21, 1920, *Otaman* Petlura (now in exile) came to an agreement with the dictator of bourgeois Poland, Jozef Pilsudski, by which he renounced his claim to Eastern Galicia (although just recently he had been on friendly terms with the ZUNR "dictator" Yevhen Petrushevich in Kamyanets-Podilsky) and Western Volhynia, surrendering to the enemy a territory of some 162,000 square kilometers with a population of about 10 million Ukrainians. All this he did for the "favor" of being Pilsudski's batman during his "march" on Kiev, which was supposed to restore Poland's frontiers to those of the times of the Jagellos.

Pilsudski's "march" on Kiev was an utter failure and Petlura retired to Warsaw, abandoning his troops which were interned in camps to suffer from typhus, in hunger and humiliation.

What remained of the UNR was only a label and a "government-in-exile," which to this day, under countless guises, vegetates abroad, clutching on to its maniacal claim to be the "legitimate" owner of the Ukrainian territories.

After healing its wounds inflicted by the First World War and the Civil War, Soviet Ukraine, under the leader-

ship of the Communist Party quickly cleared its territory of the remaining nationalist bands and started building socialism. The Leninist nationalities policy, consistently implemented by the Party, and the reality of people's power, equality and friendship in the Soviet nations who had united into one large country — the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics — cut the ground from under nationalism and its revival.

The socio-political developments in the Ukrainian territories occupied by the foreign powers took a different course. The leaders of some nationalist groups enthusiastically greeted the decision of the Council of Ambassadors of March 14, 1923 to incorporate the Western Ukrainian lands into bourgeois Poland.

A frenzied hunt for influences and votes during elections was launched. Only the Communist Party of Western Ukraine (the new name of the Communist Party of Eastern Galicia since 1921) defended the true interests of the working people. All the other parties, and these multiplied by the dozens, propagated the capitalist system in one way or another, accused their counterparts of serving the occupation authorities, and sought the support of the Western powers. Apart from the parties which had been in existence before the war — such as the Ukrainian Social-Democratic Party (USDP — *Ukraïnska sotsial-demokratichna partia*, 1899) and the Ukrainian Social-Radical Party (USRP — *Ukraïnska sotsial-radikalna partia* 1890) — the Ukrainian National Democratic Union (UNDO — *Ukrainske natsionalne demokratichne obyednannya)*, organized in 1925, became the most influental bourgeois group. Within its ranks were primarily representatives of bourgeois and industrial quarters, nationalistically minded intellectuals, Uniate clergy, and the richer sections of the peasantry. In the 1928 and 1930 elections to the Polish Diet the UNDO gained the largest number of deputies among the Ukrainian parties, and in the 1935 elections, after the so-called normalization of Polish-Ukrainian relations (read: consolidation of an obsequious policy

founded on a mutual anti-Soviet platform) the UNDO was even included in the same ballot paper with the Polish Government Party.

The Ukrainian clergy actively entered the political scene in the 1930s. Metropolitan Andriy Sheptitsky founded the ultra-reactionary Ukrainian Catholic Union (UKS — *Ukaïnskiy katolitsky soyuz*) and a number of related societies and associations whose main aim was to fight the communist revolutionary movement with whatever means possible. The newspaper *Meta* (Aim), published under Sheptitsky's auspices, wrote in its April 17, 1932 issue: "Ukrainian nationalism must be prepared for every means in combatting communism, including physical mass extermination, even at the price of millions of human lives."

Such a concept already reeked of fascism, and it was but one step removed from the summary annihilations and the gas chambers which were to hold Europe in the grip of blind terror some years later.

The nationalists took upon themselves the role of scourgers of their people when they organized the terrorist groups — first the Ukrainian Military Organization (UVO — *Ukraïnska viyskova organizatsia*) in 1921, and then the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), which emanated from the UVO in 1929. Its leader was Yevhen Konovalets who gained notoriety back in 1918 when his corps of Riflemen of the Sich massacred the defenseless insurgents of Kiev's "Arsenal." After his murder at the hands of the German intelligence, he was succeeded by Andriy Melnik, Konovalets' old crony and fellow butcher of the Kiev period. Some years later when the German fascists were already in power, the "gray eminence" Stepan Bandera rebelled against the "leader" and set up his own faction within the OUN. Stepan Bandera gained an evil reputation for his terroristic actions against Polish government officials. The murders he masterminded, in particular the assasination of the Polish Minister of Internal Affairs Bronislaw Pieracki on June 15,

1934 in Warsaw, attracted some sections of the youth, especially students and sons of rich peasants, to the OUN. Even such unsavory methods of struggle for the alleged "independence" of Ukraine were good enough for the nationalists. A rank-and-file terrorist hardly suspected that this "struggle" had been expertly prepared in the headquarters of the German *Abwehr* under colonels Nikolai and Canaris, and also that the main objective of the OUN was to play the part of a fifth column during Hitler's planned attack on the Soviet Union. Long before the war broke out the OUN had shown itself to be an implacable enemy of Soviet Ukraine by infiltrating saboteurs into Soviet territory. The OUN regarded it as their "holy" mission to suppress ruthlessly the revolutionary movement against the Polish occupation authorities and to dampen the people's aspirations to reunite with Soviet Ukraine into one state. The brutal murder of Mailov, Secretary of the Soviet Consulate in Lviv, by the OUN terrorist Lemik on October 21, 1933, was yet another link in the long chain of the OUN's obvious intentions.

The overall situation in Western Ukraine showed that all sections of the Ukrainian bourgeoisie had actually joined the anti-Soviet camp, and the predominant majority of them were Germanophiles, and some even pro-fascist agents.

This was the situation that prevailed until Hitler's attack on Poland on September 1, 1939.

The liberation of Western Ukraine by Soviet troops on September 17, 1939, the establishment of Soviet power in its territory, and the reunification of Western Ukraine with Soviet Ukraine into one state did not, of course, accord with the plans of any nationalist party or oragnization. It was the centuries-old dream of the Ukrainian people come true. The nationalist leaders and their flunkies scampered off to Cracow, which was occupied by the German fascists.

The Hitlerites "graciously" allowed them to organize the so-called Ukrainian Central Committee (UCC) in Cra-

cow, which, after Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union, moved to Lviv. From the first to the last day of its existence the UCC was headed by Prof. Volodimir Kubiyovich and the lawyer Kost Pankivsky. It was an ordinary organization of collaborationists who obeyed and helped the invaders in everything.

However, the fascists were more interested in the OUN. By that time it had split into two factions under Melnik and Bandera respectively, each claiming to be the only legitimate representative of the nationalist movement in the Soviet Ukraine which was to be occupied by fascist Germany. Before this happened both factions went all out to please the invaders and win their recognition. Under the guidance of the corresponding German agencies the nationalists set up schools training saboteurs who were infiltrated into Soviet Ukraine to establish the fifth column there and, whenever possible, kill Soviet activists, Young Communist League members and servicemen. In early 1941 Bandera's clique organized the so-called Ukrainian Legion. Eventually it was split into two battalions — *Nachtigall* (lit. Nightingale — Ger.) and *Roland*, which were part of the German special missions unit *Brandenburg — 800.*

On June 22, 1941, fascist Germany, without so much as a declaration of war, attacked the Soviet Union.

On the night of June 30 the *Nachtigall* battalion burst into Lviv. In a hypocritical gesture of piousness the unit — under its "military commander" Albert Herzner, an *Abwehr* officer, "political leader" Theodor Oberlender (future government minister of West Germany), and the "Ukrainian second-in-command" Roman Shukhevich (the future "commander-in-chief" of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army [UPA] "general" Taras Chuprinka) visited St. George's Cathedral to receive the blessings of the senile Metropolitan Sheptitsky.

Their morale now boosted by the blessings of God's servant on earth, the *Nachtigall* unleashed a gory massacre of Soviet activists and sympathizers in Lviv.

This is the true story behind the "revival" of the Ukrainian national army, and not what the various nationalist "historians" and the pathetic remnants of this "military unit" try to present today.

The second stage in the "revival" of this army was the organization, in 1943, of the SS Grenadier Division *Galizien* (Halychina) which, naturally enough, was under German command. The UCC and the OUN-M (Melnik faction) put a lot of effort into organizing the division. Its vaunted prowess was put to the test in March 1944 at Brody where it suffered utter defeat by regular Soviet troops.

The final stage in the military "revival" was the organization, or rather an attempt at organization, of a new German army unit (this time under a "Ukrainian" name and a Ukrainian "general" — Pavlo Shandruk) when Germany was already surrounded on all its four frontiers by the Allied Armies.

Was this a tragedy or a farce? Probably both.

Any description of the Ukrainian "national" armed forces during the Second World War would be incomplete without some words about the mercenary units within the so-called Ukrainian Liberation Army (UVV — *Ukraïnske vizvolne viysko*). These were part of Vlasov's ill-famed Russian Liberation Army (*Russkaya osvoboditelnaya armiya*), and were forcibly recruited from POWs in the territory of the *Reichskommissariat* Ukraine and zealously served the nazis' aims. All these units acted *de facto* and *de jure* as enemies of the Soviet Union, the USA, Great Britain, and all freedom-loving nations fighting Hitlerism. The same is true of the activities of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA), the *Polissia Sich* and other small paramilitary bands. They never raised their arms against the German fascists; moreover, on the tacit approval of the SS, the *Wehrmacht* and *Abwehr*, they received from the Hitlerites arms, ammunition, uniforms and rations.

Testifying before the tribunal of the major German war criminals in Nuremberg, *Abwehr-II* deputy chief Erwin Stolze said:

"During the retreat of German troops from Ukraine, instructions were given personally by Canaris through the *Abwehr* to organize an underground (bands) to continue the struggle against Soviet power in Ukraine, to carry on terror, subversion and espionage. Official workers — officers and agents — were left behind to lead the nationalist movement.

"Instructions were given to establish caches of arms, rations and the like. For liason with the bands agents were dropped on parachutes... the bands were supplied with ammunition and arms."

That's when the "foresters," as they called themselves, showed their real character, fighting against their own, Ukrainian people. They hanged, shot and murdered Village Soviet chairmen, teachers, old men and children, entire families including infants, and burned whole villages to the ground. "Our rule must be terrible," Bandera proclaimed, and the UPA piously abided by this dictum, far from the main Soviet communication lines and military garrisons.

Thus, long after fascist Germany had fallen apart, long after Hitler's and Himmler's corpses had decayed in the ground, the Ukrainian nationalists continued working for fascism.

And what about the political side of the nationalist movement? The final objective of the entire ideology of the nationalists was the establishment of an "independent Ukraine" with the help of fascist Germany. Yaroslav Stetsko — a shady personality whom the reader will learn of later on — cried out at a court trial in Lviv in 1936, that the ideas of nationalism were worth sacrificing a million victims. At the same time, however, the nationalists were pretty well aware what place was designated for Ukraine in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Rosenberg's *Myth of the 20th Century.* And nonetheless they followed

fascism, blindly expecting some miracle from the nazis.

Was that predestination or stupidity? Definitely both.

On June 30, 1941, right after the entrance of the *Nachtigall* into Lviv, the leaders of the OUN-B (Bandera faction) and a dozen former deputies to the Austrian Parliament met in the city to proclaim an "independent Ukraine" and form a government whose leader was to be Yaroslav Stetsko, one of the closest henchmen of Bandera and his long-standing ideological adviser. But shortly afterwards the German occupation authorities dissolved the "government" and arrested some of its most hot-blooded ministers.

The same farce of an incarceration was played on Bandera and his "headquarters." Interned at the Sachsenhausen camp, the nationalist "leader," on behalf of the Reich's Gestapo chief Müller, negotiated with General Rowecki, the leader of the Polish *Armia Krajowa* (lit. Country Army) masterminded by the Polish government-in-exile in London, and tried to persuade him to go over to the nazis.

The OUN knew pretty well that Hitler would never permit them to have any sort of state — neither in the form of an autonomous area, protectorate nor even a colony — and nonetheless they supported him and loyally served fascism.

The same can be said concerning the Petlura faction under its "Prime Minister" Andriy Livitsky, and all the other nationalist groupings. Within their midst there was constant squabbling and bickering over a greater share of the handouts which they received from the Gestapo and *Abwehr*. They swamped the offices of Hitler and Himmler with memos, suggestions, proposals, projects, receiving in return nothing else but espionage assignments and posts as interpreters and advisers of the lowest rank. The same fate befell all the other nationalists who were in Germany as physical and "cultural" overseers of the millions of slaves deported from Ukraine.

The victory of the Soviet people and the Allies in the war against fascism did not at once put an end to the criminal activities of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists in our country. Armed by the Hitlerites, they still led a covert and bloody struggle against Soviet power, hiding in forests, foraying the countryside at night, and killing Soviet activists with unprecedented brutality. The UPA under Taras Chuprinka who after his infamous death was succeeded by "general" Fed Koval, brought death to thousands of innocent civilians. Several times the Soviet Government appealed to the OUN and UPA bands to cease bloodshed and surrender, promising to abstain from punishing those who did so. Many of the "foresters" responded to these appeals and today enjoy all the rights and liberties of Soviet citizens.

But a part of the UPA, above all its leaders whose hands were stained with the blood of their people, continued the hopeless struggle. They have on their conscience the murders of the famous Ukrainian author Yaroslav Halan and the Archpriest Havriil Kostelnik who advanced the idea of abolishing the Uniate Church and returning to Greek Orthodoxy, the death of the General of the Army Nikolai Vatutin, the execution of the Polish General Karol Swierczewski (a part of the UPA bands crossed the San River and operated in the Polish Carpathians), the death of more than 20 priests who turned to Greek Orthodoxy, and also many other victims.

All these criminal doings were the more hideous when executed directly by the sections of the SB (*Sluzhba bezpeki* — security service) which was directed by Mikola Lebid, one of the closest friends of Bandera and the then acting "leader" of the OUN.

During 1948 and 1949, while the collectivization of agriculture in Western Ukraine and the rapid industrialization of its cities was being completed, the Ukrainian nationalists lost whatever support they could hope of extorting, and after reaping only hatred and curses from their own people, the UPA bands fell apart.

It is significant that the working people of Western Ukraine had always actively opposed the ideology and terror of the nationalists throughout the twenty years of bourgeois Poland's occupation. The activities of the Communist Party of Western Ukraine were of great importance in this respect. In addition, the population, particularly the partisans of the Ivan Franko People's Guard, bravely fought the nationalists during and after the war.

For the nationalists who remained abroad the end of the war spelled a lot of dangers and hardships. Many of their leaders were included in lists of war ciminals and lived under the constant threat of being extradited to the countries where they had committed their crimes. Life in the DP camps was also far from pleasant. Here chaos and blackmail reigned, and political and personal scores were settled. Those of the Ukrainians who wanted to be repatriated fared the worst.

The overall tension abated somewhat when the bards of nationalism started to leave Europe for the Americas and Great Britain. The most active forces of the OUN stayed behind in West Germany. By now the OUN had split into three factions, each of which was bitterly opposed to the other and claimed to be the only "representative" of the misfits who proclaimed themselves the rulers of an "independent, capitalist" Ukraine. These ambitions were nurtured by the OUN factions' belief in an imminent outbreak of a third world war, especially after Churchill's speech at Fulton launched the "cold war."

The Bandera faction renamed its organization into the Foreign Branch of the OUN (ZChOUN — *Zakordonni chastini organizatsii Ukraïnskikh natsionalistiv*), the Melnik faction retained its name of OUN-Solidarists, although it is popularly known as the OUN-M (Melnikites), and the third faction formed the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists Abroad (OUNz).

The first group was headed by Stepan Bandera till his death in 1959, when the leadership went over to Stepan II (Stepan Lenkavsky) who up to now had been known

as the shadow of Stepan I. But the new "leader" got tangled up in the skirts of the ladies from Munich's red-light district and proved to be light-fingered when it came to handling the organization's funds. Very soon his permanent rival Yaroslav Stetsko unseated the unlucky wretch and occupied the chair of "leader."

The Bandera faction headquartered in 67 Zeppelinstrasse in Munich and quickly spread its tentacles beyond the Atlantic where it set up its "branch" in New York — the Organization of Defense of the Four Liberties of Ukraine (OOChSU — *Organizatsia oborony chotyriokh svobod Ukraïni*).

The Melnikites secured their position in Canada where they opened their affiliate as well — the Ukrainian National Union (UNO — *Ukraïnske natsionalne obyednannya*), while the OUNz set up the Foreign Representation of the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council (ZPUHVR — *Zakordonne predstavnitstvo ukraïnskoï holovnoï vizvolnoï rady*) under the leadership of the notorious sadist Lebid, the chaplain Hrinyokh and the journalist Prokop.

All the three groups strove to seize key positions in the traditional Ukrainian emigre organizations which existed in the USA and Canada before the nationalists' exodus from Europe. And they have succeeded in doing so without any particular effort. The Banderites seized the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America (UKK — *Ukraïnsky kongressovy komitet Ameryki*) under the presidency of their partisan, Dr. Lev Dobriansky of Georgetown University. The Melnikites took over the largest nationalist organization in Canada — the Committee of Ukrainian Canadians (UKK — *Komitet ukraïntsiv Kanady*), while Bandera's adherents of yesterday, Lebid, Prokop and Hrinyokh completely took into their hands the ZP UHVR.

Yet these achievements did not seem enough for the rival groups. They wanted to organize and lead other nations, that is those outcasts who had been kicked out of their respective countries. The Banderites set up the so-called Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations (ABN — *Anti-*

bilshovitsky blok narodiv). This bloc is in constant movement with one emigre group leaving it and another joining. But its invariable leader from 1946 on is the well-known Yaroslav Stetsko. To spite the Banderites the Melnikites organized their own international "bloc" — the International of Liberty (IS — *Internatsional svobody*).

The abovementioned organizations are only the major ones in a long list of smaller nationalist parties, societies, associations, unions, etc., etc.

In a frenzied manner every one of them rants and raves about the necessity for unity and consolidation — under its leadership, of course. The palaver about convening a world congress of free emigre Ukrainians has been going on since 1945. But to date only two such congresses have been held and they were far from being completely representative, because in both cases less than a half of the registered parties and organizations showed up.

Whatever their labels and names, all these groups are anti-communist, anti-Soviet, and display inexhaustible malice and hatred toward a nation they claim to belong to. None of them, as the Banderite journal *Na varti* (On Guard) describes it, laid down their arms; they have "only moved to the background for respite from fatigue, so as to reform, prepare, and regroup for a new battle."

There are yet two other sides to the activities of the nationalist parties in exile, which make them identical. Firstly, they serve the purposes of reactionary quarters and try to sponge on them as much as possible. Secondly, all the parties, including two of the most influential churches — the Ukrainian Catholic Church (UKTs — *Ukraïnska katolitska tserkva*) and the Ukrainian Autocephalic Orthodox Church (UPATs — *Ukraïnska provoslavna avtokefalna tserkva*) — prohibit their members and believers from visiting Soviet Ukraine even as tourists or on invitations from relatives.

The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists were among the first of the emigre caboodle to work at the CIA-financed

Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe headquartered in Munich. They also joined the Voice of America, Radio Canada and *Die Deutsche Welle.* They even found their way to the Vatican and Monaco, which broadcast programs in Ukrainian, presenting a distorted picture of life in Soviet Ukraine.

Beyond the Atlantic the doings of the Ukrainian nationalists are relentlessly exposed in public life and in the press by the progressive forces of the Association of United Ukrainian Canadians (AUUC) and the League of American Ukrainians (LAU).

Cut off from their native soil and cynically refusing to draw on its achievements of today, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists tread the path which is leading them to oblivion.

The present collection of pamphlets and articles presents a detailed picture of the crimes and treasonous activities of the nationalists, their collaboration with German fascism, their present anti-Soviet escapades and war propaganda, and their flagrant disregard of world peace and international treaties, in particular the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference of 1975.

Rostislav Bratun

THE LAND ACCUSES

At the point where the gray ribbon of highway bursts out of Veliky Mosty Forest and runs across the plain to the walls of the ancient town of Belza, there is a communal grave in a village cemetery.

It appeared at this spot in 1959.

The calamities of war have long since passed, but the communal graves which they have left behind are carefully tended by our people. They have unveiled obelisks to the unknown soldiers, they have embodied the brave features of our heroes in marble and bronze and lit eternal flames over their graves — eternal as the memory of the glorious sons of our country.

All of a sudden a new communal grave appeared in Lviv Region in peacetime — in February 1959...

But why?

I stood and looked at the communal well, for this is probably a better name for the burial place from which Soviet people pulled out the remains of the nationalists' victims and buried them in the village cemetery.

Not far from Belza there is a village, Nizy, formerly called Prusiniv. It's an ordinary village like so many in Galicia. Its residents work at the local collective farm or at the nearby coal mines in Veliky Mosty. They are ordinary Soviet people — sincere and cordial, industrious and clever in their own way.

Not so long ago we were shocked by the "Derman tragedy," and now the horrible news about the "Nizy tragedy" has aroused the hearts of all decent Ukrainians wherever they may live.

There is a popular maxim, eternal in its wisdom, which says that murder will out.

In this case the OUN's crimes were revealed by the land in which the nationalists had tried to hide them. Bandera's mercenaries wanted to conceal their bloody traces in wells which they had transformed into graves.

There are many such wells in Galicia and Volhynia, and although the murderous craze of the OUN's cutthroats has faded into oblivion long ago, the land keeps showing up plowed-up and grass-covered wells with human remains, which send waves of shock through the people, bringing to light ever new names of the nationalists' victims.

Such a well was unearthed on the outskirts of Nizy. Witnesses to the crime, whom the Banderites forced to transport the corpses to the well under the threat of death, spoke out. And now it became obvious what the OUN wanted to hide so painstakingly, and what, in emigration, they have been trying to dissociate themselves from so thoroughly: "You see, it wasn't us who did it..."

But truth cannot be killed, it cannot be buried in the deepest of wells.

The residents of Nizy carried nine coffins to the place of eternal rest. Among them were little coffins, the boards of which could have gone for cradles... Nine coffins floated past a crowd of silent and stern onlookers, like nine boats of suffering and torment. A cold February air swept over the ground. Pine trees

whispered in the breeze. In the distance spread the town of Belza with its pitheads jutting above the skyline here and there. It was an ordinary working day interrupted by the funeral procession of a stern silent crowd and the occasional weeping of women.

I was at Nizy and stood by the well when the remains of the Banderites' victims were brought up. I walked in the sorrowful funeral procession and stood with head bent low over the freshly dug graves. I talked with the eyewitnesses of the "Nizy tragedy," read the investigation records, and my heart was filled with the hatred of the silent crowd and the outbursts of women's sobbing.

On behalf of Ukraine, on behalf of the land and its people we condemn the misanthropes dead and alive who wanted to crucify our homeland!

...The events described below took place in April 1944, on the night of Maundy Thursday. The front line was thundering in the distance. The people awaited liberation with joy and alarm...

I do not believe in God, but if I did my faith in Him would have been shaken after what happened that night. How could the Lord God, if he really exists, send innocent human beings to Golgotha on the day on which is celebrated the great legend about the sufferings of his Son, Jesus Christ? Could it be that the moonlit night was too dark for Him to see anything? Or was He, perhaps, old and feeble, deaf and blind? Give me an answer to this question, ye servants of His on earth!

That night Red Army soldier Ivan Zahursky had a dream: he knocked at the window of his

cottage, then opened the door and saw his wife Maria standing confused from joy on the threshold. He entered the house and embraced his sleepy children; the elder uttered the word "daddy" they had almost forgotten by now, and the youngest, three-year-old Yaroslav whom he remembered only as an infant, apprehensively eyed the strange man whose prickly beard tickled his little face as he covered it with tears.

Maybe Maria had a similar dream: Ivan knocking at the window, safe and sound; a red star on his cap, a submachine gun in his hands; a soldier, her Ivan...

Indeed someone knocked at the window, ever louder and perisistently. Someone banged the door. She rushed to her children, realizing at once that bandits had paid her a call. The fairy-tale spell of her last dream was cut short by dirty cursing.

"Mother of God!" she pleaded to the icons on the wall. But in the pale moonlight it seemed that the saints had turned away their eyes so as not to see what was about to occur in the cottage of the soldier's wife Maria.

The saints had turned away. But the neighbors were made to see the aftermath of the gory massacre. The Banderites forced them to take the maimed corpses to a deep well outside the village and drop them into it.

Ivan Holub, just like Petro Zasadny, Andriy Kobak and Mikola Kit recalled that night with horror.

"It seemed I was taking not a corpse but my heart to the well" one of them recalled.

"The horses stopped in their tracks and, sensing death, whinnied in alarm. The bandits exchanged jokes and boasted how accurately they had aimed at Zahurska's children when

the barefoot kids tried to run away in their night shirts: Those were beautiful moving targets!' "

As I listened to the peasants, I recalled a story I had recently heard about an SB (*Sluzhba bezpeky* — security service) Banderite chieftain who specialized in killing infants. His henchmen would throw the infant up in the air, while he shot it in mid-flight. The murderer called it "a-birding."

Katerina Sich's life had been hard. When the suffering Galician land saw September 1939 and with it freedom and reunion with Soviet Ukraine, Katerina knew that Soviet power was her power. Her dream of possessing a cow all of her own became true when she was given one from the landowner's manor. By and by plenty entered her home.

Katerina was one of the first to join the collective farm named in honor of September 17 which brought freedom to Western Ukraine. She was killed just for that. Just for having been given a cow from the landowner's manor and for a couple of months of free labor on the collective farm.

Katerina Sich's remains were identified from the clogs she wore.

In the occupied territories the nazis took away the boots from the population and made them wear wooden clogs instead. The boots, you see, were destined only for the *Herrenvolk* (Master Race — Ger.). Almost in every Ukrainian town the nazis established *Holzschuhfabriken* (clog factories — Ger.). That's the kind of industrial development they brought to Ukraine. Given time they would have probably set up factories for manufacturing gallows and

nooses with the help of their nationalist hirelings.

But it was not with clogs, but with hobnailed German boots that the SB bandits killed Mikola Kozlovsky. What for? Nobody knows, just as nobody knows why most of the twenty-six villagers of Nizy were tortured to death.

The villagers of Veliky Mosty and Rava-Russka districts will probably never forget the SB gang under Ivan Sanotsky, alias Dorosh, who held the whole locality in a grip of raw terror from 1943 to 1945 until the people crushed them like some mad serpants.

"Sons, let me wash your tunics," said the widow Katerina Yust to a group of young guards from the nearby border outpost.

She was killed by the Banderites just for this "serious crime" against "independent and United Ukraine."

That happened after the war in 1945 in the village of Vaniv, when the remnants of the OUN bands were still prowling through the forests and hiding in holes from which they emerged with the onset of night to kill Soviet people and burn villages and homes in the belief that terror would intimidate the Galician and Volhynian peasant and make him renounce the new life which like a gust of fresh air had burst into the nazi-ravaged land.

People were healing their war-time wounds, but the Banderites wanted these wounds to bleed and cause unbearable pain for ever.

The beasts burned alive the chairman of the Village Soviet in Kulichki, Maxim Bihun, and the manager of the local club, Maria Hriniuk. Their only "crime" was their desire to make their native village happy and prosperous; they

had understood the great truth of the Soviet future and wanted to bring it unto their fellow villagers.

I leafed through the voluminous "historical treatise" of a certain Petro Mirchuk, *The Ukrainian Insurgent Army* (published in Munich, of course), in which this so-called scholar included in the "registry of the UPA's engagements" the burning of collective farms and village Soviets, and the murder of Soviet and Party activists, Young Communist League members and Soviet Army servicemen.

In the villages of Kulichki, Vaniv, Nizy and Silets the OUN bandits killed some one hundred people, including 25 children, 29 women and 33 old men, who were neither communists nor activists. The Banderites must have heard that children are the future of a nation. Consequently, they wanted to destroy the future of the people and of Ukraine. By murdering the old people, they wanted to kill the nation's past, afraid lest the old men recall how their Austrian and Polish overlords had oppressed them, and say: "Once their was night, but the Soviets have brought us day."

They were afraid of mothers, because they reminded them of their national identity, of their motherland, which they had disowned.

They went out of their way to ape the fascist *Übermensch* (Superman — Ger.) in everything, and strove to be similar to their Berlin lords. They even renounced their yellow-blue flag, taking instead the black colors of the nazis. They would have adopted the swastika as well, but they were afraid of the "great Führer's" wrath at such an impudent theft. Even the "Constitution" which they wanted to give their people was patterned on the ordinances

of Hitler and Mussolini. They stretched out their hands in the *Slava* (Glory) salute, just like the nazis in their *Heil!*, and... but it would take too long to list everything the OUN did to emulate their father Hitler.

But Hitler and his creed were destroyed, and the OUN had to reform itself. Looking through their writings from 1943 to this day, one cannot but gasp in amazement. In their policy statements they've gone so far as to accept the reality of Soviet collective farms, and stand for free elections, freedom of speech and assembly, etc., etc. In a word, it's democracy all the way!

But however hard they try to put on a new guise, they fail to conceal their fascist origins. Wrote an anonymous OUN "theorist": "The orientation on a foreign power leads the political movement to inevitable ruin, it harbors the dangers of its supporters being transformed into foreign agents. It encourages toadying to the external powers even when these powers are obviously violating the rights of the subjugated people." Further on this apology for a theorist stated: "We think that a third world war would afford the possibility of a favorable chance to gain freedom, and allow us at the right moment to lean on our allies (read: foreign imperialists)."

What greater nonsense could there be than that? On the one hand, the nationalist renounced "toadying to external powers" in the name of national interests, and on the other, he dreams of a third world war and on reliance on "allies" in its materialization.

Yes, the nationalists dream of a new world war. A nuclear holocaust would neatly fit in with their plans to revive their murderous rule. Today theirs is a life of misery abroad: the

"boss" is becoming ever stingier and looks for less compromised agents.

The nationalists are well aware that their policies have led them to political bankruptcy. So they are changing their fascist guise into a "nationalist-communist," democratic, "revolutionary," and God knows what else — anything to deceive those fools who still believe that the nationalist "champions of the cause" can bring to the Ukrainian people paradisiacal benefits from abroad.

And how do the people react to these frothings? They have condemned and forgotten long ago those who have stained themselves with treason. Their concerns are those of the builders and creators of a new life. But when the earth bursts open with the pain of concealed murders and when it reveals to human judgement ever new crimes of the Ukrainian nationalists, the people cannot keep silent. They become angry and their hearts seethe with the pain and hatred which the nationalists have come to feel on their hides many a time.

1959

Yuri Melnichuk

THE GIRL AND DEATH

That year Katerina's dark and dreamy eyes saw their seventeenth spring. Full of sunshine, flowers and vitality it rushed into her arms and kissed her face. At times the Vernal Enchantress brushed at the girl's heart with gentle excitement, at others She alarmed it, covering

the girl's eyes with a light mist, stroking her gorgeous black braid, and teasingly whispering seductive words of love into her ear.

Katerina did not know yet what love was. She had a father, mother, brother and sister, she loved them and could not imagine life without them. But for her, a sweetheart... No, Katerina did not have a sweetheart yet, and the sensations of love and the first realization of it were yet vague, so vague that they evoked only alarm: how would she meet her love and what would he be like?

"Katerina, who do you love?" an inquisitive girl friend would ask her.

"What do you mean — who? No one."

"Oh, come on, you deceiver, don't try my patience. Take a look how that boy and the one over there don't take their eyes off you."

"So what? Let them look."

By the church on Easter Sunday the girls sang spring songs and joined hands for a round dance. Oh, what fun it was! The earth breathed warmth, it was exuberant with greenery and flowers. It seemed almost a pity to tread the green sward and inflict pain on the young vernal adornment. Goggle-eyed daisies looked out of the young grass, while in the gulley near the belfry the blue periwinkle delighted the eye. Katerina wanted so much to pluck a flower and press it to her lips to share with it at least a bit of the gentleness which the spring songs had roused in her. She left the girls and started to look around for a flower to pick. Suddenly the flower she had taken a fancy to was crushed by a heavy boot.

"What are you looking for, Katerina?"

Before her stood Mikola Pilypovets — shirt unbuttoned, his cap at a rackish angle.

A sickening odor of moonshine hit the girl's face. She was disgusted to see such a mean drunkard and villain obstruct her path.

"Whom were you chatting so friendly with near the school the other day?"

"With our wounded Red Army soldiers."

"They're not 'our' soldiers."

"Oh yes, they are, they're our liberators we've been awaiting for so long. I read them a letter from my cousin. He's a sergeant now and they're giving the nazis hell right inside Germany, so the war will end very soon."

"Don't politicize. That's none of your business. Tell the girls to stop singing: our friends are in distress and living from hand to mouth, fighting for Ukraine's freedom, while all you think about is having fun."

"Our Ukraine's free already, Mikola, so there's no need to worry. As for your friends, they're not fighting for Ukraine but looting and torturing people. It's not our sympathy they deserve but our disgust, hatred and vengeance."

She pierced him with her angry greenish eyes, turned round and walked straight back to join the girls. The songs became still louder, for Katerina was the best singer in the neighborhood, which made the spring evening the more charming and joyous.

When they started to leave for home Pilypovets came up to Katerina and rudely grabbed her by the hand.

"Wait a minute, I want to have a talk with you."

"Let me go or I'll hit you."

"All right, I'll get even with you one of these days."

* * *

Pilypovets came to square accounts with Katerina late one night. He did not come alone nor did he come empty-handed. Armed with submachine-guns the four bandits made the two women in the house turn to the wall, collected everything they could see worth taking, after which Pilypovets ordered Katerina to get dressed. At that her mother rushed to him, fell on her knees, kissed his hands and pleaded to spare her old age and hapless fate. After all, Mikola was their neighbor, he and Katerina were of the same age and they both had attended the same school. He knew pretty well what sorrow had visited their home. Father was beaten up by the fascists and then Bandera's men had tortured him to an untimely death. The older daughter Olga was deported to Germany for slave labor, and no one knew anything about her whereabouts. Their only son had recently returned wounded from the army and the Banderites had killed him for no reason at all. Now she was left with Katerina, her only joy and support in her old age. Mikola's and Katerina's mothers had been friends since maidenhood and had lived together as the best of neighbors all the time. For the sake of her maternal tears and grief she begged of him not to do any wrong to Katerina.

Seizing on a spark of hope, the mother started to plead more fervently. That day was St. Nicholas' feast, and so it would not have been right to anger Mikola's heavenly patron. Clasping her hands as if in prayer, she appealed to the eighteen-year-old loafer to take pity on her widowhood just for the sake of the holiday.

The mother's pleas did not move the heart of the bandit in the least. Pilypovets hit the fifty-year-old woman with the butt of his gun, dug his boot into her side, stepped over the limp body, and locked her up in the house. In the meantime, three of his OUN henchmen — the Ivanyshin brothers of Zahortsi — tied Katerina's hands with wire. She went down on her knees begging them to let her give her mother some water to make her come to, but in vain. They tied Katerina's eyes and led her out into the night.

Katerina walked toward her death along dew-covered footpaths and field roads. She recognized flowers by their scent, she greedily drew in the lungs their aroma for the last time, and they gently kissed farewell her bare feet. The trees whispered in surprise at her sight and the pre-dawn cold breathed in her face. Some early bird twittered in alarm, a dry twig broke under her feet, an owl started to screech somewhere nearby.

The girl was awe-struck and frightened. She stopped and asked to untie her eyes at least, but immediately fell to the ground knocked down by a strong fist. She got up, hit left and right by feet. She walked through the woods where she was ordered to, realizing that she was treading this ground for the last time in her life.

They ordered her to halt, untied her eyes, stripped her of her clothes, and started to torture her. They beat her so hard that blood spurted from her nose and mouth, they beat her mercilessly. When they grew tired, they paused to have a smoke and resumed the torture. They beat her all at once and one at a time, repeating over and over again that through

her they were killing communism, although Katerina was not a communist nor a Komsomol member. Then they wound her braid around her neck and started choking her, now tightening the noose of hair, now loosening it off, delighting in her pain and laughing that her braid had come in so handy for their cruel trade. At last one of the bandits took off his belt, made a noose and put it on her neck; the other end of the belt he threw across his shoulder and pulled Katerina up from the ground, so that he formed a living gallows.

Her eyes became bleary, her muscles limp, her consciousness slipped away, her heart stopped beating... Death had come to Katerina.

When she begged of her torturers to let her help mother, Mikola Pilypovets was the first to say "No!" He beat the old woman into unconsciousness, and did not allow her daughter to give her a gulp of water. He murdered a mother and cruelly ravished a child's feeling toward its mother.

Pilypovets also had a mother. Unfortunately, such villains as he come to this world not out of the blue, but from a mother's womb. His mother rocked him in a cradle, fed him first with her breasts and then with a hard-earned crust of bread, and then sent him off to school, placing some hope in her boy. But she had not noticed properly the time when her son developed moral faults, became first a hoodlum, then a drunkard and in the end a villain who had taken up with the OUN bandits, growing into an accomplished murderer by the age of eighteen.

Yes, Pilypovets did have a mother. Besides her younger boy, Mikola, she also had an older son, Olexa. The latter also had a bad reputa-

tion, but mother was deaf and unwilling to hear the voice of the community she lived in. In the meanwhile Olexa perfected his bandit's trade, roamed through the village at night, tortured, looted and killed people. His mother knew that their corpses decayed in a dunghill near her home. She knew... and kept silent, while her son turned human beings into dung.

She knew whose blood-stained clothes Mikola had brought home that early summer morning of 1945. She could not but have recognized Katerina's holiday dress, but she did not utter a word to the murderer and hid the clothes, trying later to remove the blood-stains on them. But her maternal heart did not give a twitch of sympathy for the untimely death of another woman's child, who, perhaps, some day could have become her daughter-in-law and called her mother.

Today there lives a restless old woman in Veliky Zahortsi who cannot look straight into other people's eyes, because she bore and raised two murderers and was a mute accomplice of their crimes.

* * *

When the first rays of the sun rose over the Strashevsky Forest, they were met not with the cheerful twittering of birds, but with the heart-rending screams of a human being:

"Where are you, my poor child, were are you, my love. Answer me!"

The mother's grief rang with utter despair and echoed in the distance. Even the forest birds grew quiet from sympathy. The leaves trembled, shedding the dew like tears, as if

they, too, were mourning over the tragedy of the past night.

Suddenly the mother recalled something and rushed toward the forester's house. The house was a pile of rubble, but there was a well beside it, and she went there to look for the traces of her daughter.

Near the well puddles of blood stood out red against the green of the trampled grass. Her legs gave way under her and she fell on the ground, crying:

"Daughter, my dear daughter!"

Then, something unexpected happened. The well responded:

"Mother, mother."

She pulled herself up on the broken well frame, bent over, and gauged with her eyes and heart the black abyss ready to jump into it in despair. From below she heard the voice she loved so much:

"Mother, help me, I want to live. Mo-o-other..."

She felt some supernatural strength filling her body and ran to the village as fast as she could to get some help.

When they pulled Katerina out of the well she was horribly bruised and maimed. There was only a flicker of life in her body. Oncoming death held her firmly in its grip, unwilling to let her go.

But Katerina conquered death.

* * *

Sixteen years have passed since Katerina, the daughter of Pilip and Maria Kondratiuk from the village of Veliky Zahortsi, Dubno District in Rovno Region, was pulled out of

the deep well into which the OUN bandits had dumped her body, convinced that she was dead.

In the bottom of the well there were already many corpses. There were so many of them that they had covered the water, and Katerina's body fell on a soft mass of human flesh. She did not drown, because by that time the well had stopped filling with fresh water. It seemed to have been choked with human grief and to have died itself.

Early in the morning, when Katerina's heart, filled right up with a will to live, said "Begone!" to death and awakened in her chest with a loud thump, the girl opened her eyes. She closed them again, unable to comprehend where she was and what had happened to her. But her heart was beating, her eyes wanted to see, and her mind wanted to understand. When she stirred, a sharp pain streamed through her body. Then she realized she was lying on a heap of corpses in a deep well, doomed to a horrible death. She summoned up her last ounce of strength, raised her head, and looked up, seeing a patch of bright blue sky overhead. The patch was small, but it gave her an encouraging wink and sent a golden thread of shimmering sunrays into the well, which seemed to be searching for Katerina.

Then the well resounded with her mother's voice. Katerina ardently wished to take hold of the bright sunray and pull herself up toward her mother's cries. But death was loath to grant her this favor. Even when the people were pulling her out of the well death continued to cling on to her. Somewhere midway she lost consciousness again, for death still wanted to punish the girl's stubborn determination to live. But Katerina's heart bravely struggled on.

At the district hospital in Dubno Katerina gradually recovered. Day and night her mother sat at her bedside. Friends, fellow villagers and complete strangers, all of whom had learned about the girl's tragedy, came to visit her at the hospital, bringing presents, flowers and words of encouragement. Katerina fully recovered, and death had to surrender its hold on her life.

This happened sixteen years ago...

* * *

I found out about Katerina Kondratiuk's tragedy only recently, and decided to locate her wherever she was. We met on a fine spring day.

She movingly described me her father whom the fascists had tortured and whom the Banderites had finally deprived of his life. He was an illiterate man, but just, honest and wise by nature. He was fond of gardening. He had a wonderful garden around his house and unselfishly shared with his neighbors his knowledge of the finer points of gardening, and taught young people to love nature. Pilip Kondratiuk was a respected man in the village, whose example was followed and whose advice was generally heeded. The nazis and the Banderites wanted him very much to side with them, because this would make the villagers follow his example. He was well aware of what was expected from him. But he did not give in to bribes or threats, and bravely suffered harrassment and persecution, never staining his good name, his honor and allegiance to his country.

Katerina's mother, Maria Kondratiuk, was known as a hard-working woman in the village.

Her life was replete with hardships. Already by the age of nine she was herding hogs for the local landowner and was a farmhand right up to the day of her marriage. She brought up her children to be honest, respectful and hard-working. When she lost her husband and her only son who was killed by the Banderites, when her older daughter died in a nazi labor camp while Katerina was struggling with death in the hospital, and when she seemed to be on the verge of complete emotional collapse, Maria Kondratiuk showed great courage, humanity and maternal selflessness. She adopted a three-year-old boy, Olexa Sokotun, from an orphanage. Under the circumstances that was a civic feat.

Katerina spoke with sisterly warmth about her adopted brother Olexa. He had graduated from high school and worked now as a truck driver in Byelorussia. In his letters he calls Katerina his dear sister and never fails to recall with filial love and respect his beloved mother Maria Kondratiuk who died three years ago.

When Katerina recalled her relations and her own tragedy, tears welled up in her eyes. But when she spoke of her children, friends and her present life, a happy smile broke on her face. She had a serene shining smile which made her greenish eyes even more lively, while two charming dimples appeared on her cheeks. She was sorry for her luxuriant braid which the Banderites had ruined, and tried in some embarrassment to cover the large scar under her right eye. But hard as she tried it was impossible to conceal the traces her torturers had left on her; a split lip, knocked-out teeth, a network of scars on the head, and maimed

arms and legs. To this day she cannot wear a transparent blouse because of the bruises and scars on her body.

After recalling her encounter with the bandit Pilypovets by the church, when he trampled the flower she had taken a fancy to, Katerina lapsed into silence, looking at the green gulley profusely studded with spring flowers. At that moment I wanted to tell her:

"Admire spring's beauty to your heart's content, Katerina Kondratiuk, and don't ever be afraid; the bandits' boots will never again trample your favorite flowers, just as they will never again trample your flowering native land."

1959

Mikola Toropovsky

ESCAPE FROM THE SPY NET

The wedding party was a noisy and jolly affair. The band played folk tunes and pop songs, and portly village fathers danced with their young college daughters in such a boisterous way that the window panes jingled ominously. The wedding table was laden with delicious foods set in a riot of salads and autumn flowers — a scene which would do justice to the most imaginative still life.

The wedding party churned and bubbled like a joyous waterfall, and hard as I tried I could not squeeze my way through its current to Mikhailo Yaremenko. From afar I only saw how greedily he took in all the happenings of this colorful party. Indeed, it was something to see.

As befits such an occasion, the young teacher Oxana and the harvester operator Yuri had invited almost the whole village to their wedding. The old wedding rites, filled with modern content, became abloom in pure and beautiful shades and colors. There was the traditional unplaiting of the bride's braid, the covering of her head with a cap, a merry enactment of ransoming the bride, the departure from her parents' home — all accompanied with folk songs. There was also a ceremonial congratulation at the Village Soviet from which the bride and groom drove home in a wedding train of cars.

I noticed Mikhailo Yaremenko quite unexpectedly just at the moment when the newlyweds stepped out of the car. The expression on his face was serene and deeply moved. But the ritual train of the newlyweds' parents, bestmen, attendants, ralatives and acquaintances separated us, and for quite a long time. When late in the evening the elderly guests of honor started up a melancholic old folk tune, Yaremenko got up from his place at the table and went outdoors. I followed him.

We sat down on the bank of earth running around the cottage. From time to time Mikhailo drew on his cigarette. Autumn stars as big as ripe apples looked down at us from the sky. From the cottage came the sounds of the song which plucked at the tenderest of heart strings, evoking a burning desire to do something good to your fellow man and shield him from all mishaps and evil.

"Well, I could have started my life just like these young people," Mikhailo said slowly, blowing a long streamer of smoke. "That madman, Adolf Hitler, ruined my life... Oh yes, don't

be surprised — if the war had broke out just one day later, if it had to break out after all, my life would have taken a completely different course."

He snuffed out his cigarette butt with a slow movement, threw it on the ground, and meticulously stubbed it with his foot.

"For me there wouldn't have been any covert work with the Foreign Branch of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, nor any needless meetings with Stepan Bandera... Excuse me, but I could not tell you everything when we met the first time. I've heard that my former 'benefactors' from the OUN are starting an uproar abroad in defence of the Ukrainians, who, you see, are 'living under the oppression of the Soviets'... You know, I was so mad. And they intend to free us, just to think of it! All those intriguing money-grabbers and cheap hustlers who compromise the very name of Ukraine! I saw them face to face and believe me I know what they're worth."

Mikhailo deeply inhailed the cool air scented with autumnal grass and lapsed into silence as he passed his hand over his bulging forehead.

"Well, on June 23, 1941, I was to leave for Leningrad to study. But the day before Hitler had invaded our country."

...With the appearance of the Hitlerites in the village the members of the local OUN raised their heads. Their activities were a zealous complement to the fascists' orders and demands. But Mikhailo, 19 years old then, paid little attention to all those village frothings. He had only one thing on his mind — to help feed his large family, and took to quite a

"lucrative" business during the occupation period, namely peddling tobacco.

At that time the nationalists started a frenzied campaign in recruiting Ukrainians for work in fascist Germany. The Hitlerites needed cheap "labor cattle" for their agriculture. It should be said, though, that the campaign of hiring people willing to go to the Third Reich had no success in Lviv Region. It also failed in Sambor Region. So the Hitlerites resorted to more "effective" measures — roundups.

During the execution of one such "effective" measure the invaders seized a group of 19-year-olds in the village of Vikota and without much ado took them to Sambor. Among the seized was a modest tobacco peddler — Mikhailo Yaremenko.

The village boys were first taken to an assembly place, from where they were deported to Germany.

"They treated us like cattle," said Mikhailo Yaremenko. "Those who were sent to slave for a farmer were considered lucky, for they could at least stealthily eat a rotten potato from a pig trough. Well, I was one of those lucky beggars and landed up with a job as a farm laborer in the village of Grossrosenburg. The master of the household was earning himself dubious fame somewhere on the Western front, while his wife, Helma Kinne, kept house. She made me work like a galley slave, and when one day I had enough of it and started talking about my rights she set the village policeman on me. He beat me black and blue so that I lost consciousness and was laid up for three days. But the cannons were already thumping away beyond the Elbe River and we, farmhands, sensed imminent changes."

...While the Soviet people celebrated victory over fascism, the farmhand of yesterday landed in a DP camp, from which the British occupation authorities sent him to Hanover.

In the DP camp people started complaining — there's been enough shifting us from place to place, it's about time they sent us back home. "Back home?" some of the "smart compatriots" mocked. "And what about Siberia, would you like to be sent there? You worked for the nazis, didn't you, so you're against your people. Do you think the Bolsheviks will thank you for that? Nothing doing, don't fool yourselves! You'll rot in Siberia and the wolves will be clawing up your graves!"

At this prospect the boys fell to thinking. Really, they had worked for the nazis, and so they had to account for that. But they didn't go abroad of their own free will!

Unfortunately, in the DP camps common logic was more often than not replaced by unchecked emotions. When Mikhailo Yaremenko was brought to a camp near Stuttgart, the nationalists already considered him their "sympathizer," having ferreted out somewhere that his brother had been at odds with Soviet law. Consequently, the Soviets were his enemy, and he was the nationalists' man! Eventually Mikhailo Yaremenko became a member of the ZCh OUN.

Along with other "trusted persons" he was sent to attend courses of OUN functionaries. Here Mikhailo revealed real talent: he could forge document seals and signatures with remarkable skill. For the nationalists he was a real treasure, because just at that time a little band of men under Stepan Bandera stirred on the political scene of postwar Europe. Forged

documents, and lots of them, were in great demand.

Specialists in forgery and generally all those who "proved good" in these courses were sent to Munich to raise their skills.

At this point Yaremenko's voice betrayed excitement.

"That was their nationalist den, their *sanctum sanctorum* which, apart from other services, housed the so-called subordinate technical unit of the ZCh OUN leadership. This unit manufactured not only forged documents, but also forged occupation marks. It was run on military routine — everyone knew only his place and field of work and his immediate chiefs. Names and surnames were dropped. Everyone, including me, had nicknames. My chief Hrihoriy Vaskovich was called Hrits; Miron Matvienko, whom the nationalist leaders had infiltrated into Western Ukraine in 1951, went by the name of Miron. I was nicknamed Puhach. Eventually people started forgetting their real names.

"Once I was visited by Hrihoriy Vaskovich, alias Hrits.

" 'My friend Puhach, you've wonderfully mastered your new trade. The documents you've made have proved to be of the highest quality. The leader Stepan Bandera himself is very satisfied with your work and gave it a high mark!' "

...Though comparatively young at that time, Mikhailo Yaremenko was quick to realize that Bandera would not be interested in his work and in his personality just for nothing. This smelled of something. But what? This was something he could not yet put his finger on. Very soon everything became clear.

One day Matvienko, alias Miron, came to Mikhailo and said, "We've been watching you for a long time now, friend Puhach, and have come to the unanimous conclusion that you are a real Ukrainian patriot. You know how terribly hard it is for her right now. She needs firm, trusty people and good specialists... just like you. You'll be sent illegally across the border into Ukraine to General Taras Chuprinka and work with him in your trade. But for this purpose you'll have to undergo a serious schooling by specialists of a foreign intelligence agency. We are sure you'll cope with that, friend Puhach."

Soon afterwards Bohdan Pidhainy took Mikhailo Yaremenko and another three "specialists" to a little town, Bad-Rotenfeld, where they were accommodated in a comfortable mansion. It happened on a damp, chilly winter day in 1950, and Bohdan Pidhainy kept repeating time and again that they must undergo a good schooling for the benefit of their dear Ukraine.

They studied by the sweat of their brow. As it turned out their "teachers" were real masters of their trade. Madame Marlen instructed Bandera's rookies in the techniques of cryptography. George Reidey was a "professor" in radio and taught them to drive cars of different makes under various conditions and circumstances. The finer points of spying were illuminated by a professional spy, a lieutenant-colonel who went by the name of Uncle. He had a nondescript personality, but knew his "subject" through and through.

During one of Bohdan Pidhainy's visits to the school the would-be spies were given a document to sign. It stated in black and white

that the named Ukrainian nationalist trainee volunteered to work for a foreign intelligence agency in whose school he was studying. And if, God forbid, he did not fulfill his duties he would be punished by the sword of justice.

"How come," thought one of the best graduate spies, "if we're fighting for an independent Ukraine, must we work for a foreign intelligence service?"

But Bohdan Pidhainy persuaded them so passionately to sign the bond that the foursome suddenly realized that they had been simply sold out to a foreign intelligence service and very soon the money had to be worked off over there in Ukraine.

Upon graduating from the school, the four novices in spying were transferred to the American occupation zone. In no time they were informed about the "outset of the operation." The group was taken by car beyond Regensburg to the Czechoslovakian border.

"Not far from a railway station we were met by the leading functionaries of the ZCh OUN," Mikhailo Yaremenko continued. "We were introduced by Bondan Pidhainy. Suddenly he said to me, 'My friend Puhach, the OUN leader Stepan Bandera wants to talk to you.' Well, I thought, they must be placing God knows what hopes on us if Bandera himself has come to say some parting words!

"Bandera came up to me and said, 'Friend Puhach, how do you intend to fulfil your duties?' Said I: 'If independent Ukraine has entrusted me with such an important mission, I will try to fulfil it well.' 'We're sending you into Soviet Ukraine, you know, so you must show what you're good for.' 'Certainly,' said I,

'we'll show it.' 'You're appointed political leader of the squad and we are pinning all our hopes on you.'

"We were already standing on the footboard of the coach, yet Bandera went on impressing on me how much he expected from us. Apparently he was in a very tight corner."

...On a dark night Bandera's special emmmissaries crossed the border of Soviet Ukraine to join Chuprinka, the "General of the UPA." They sneaked along with pistols in their pockets and knives tucked behind their belts to terrorize the Soviet people.

The first meeting with the contact man in the USSR was disrupted by the border guards. The addresses of the reserve contacts they had been given abroad proved to be wrong — the secret meeting places were inhabited by entirely different people. All this evoked suspicion in them toward those who had sent them on this mission. They had been told that a war was going on in Ukraine, that the people supported the OUN and the UPA. While roaming through the forests they saw for themselves quite a different picture: there was no war whatsoever and the people in the villages were building up collective farms, speaking with contempt and wrath about the OUN and the UPA.

The Bandera spies found themselves in a vacuum; it was like being on some uninhabited hostile planet. There were lots of people around, but they could not be approached. With aversion they eyed the cianide of potassium ampules they were ordered to crush and swallow in case of failure. But they were loath to swallow poison, preferring common food instead.

So the "political leader of the squad" Puhach led his subordinates to his father's home. There they ate their fill and throughout the day stealthily peeped behind the curtains at the collective farmers preparing for spring field work. With every day the desire to seek their contacts in Galicia's underground resistance melted away like snow under the sun. In the end Puhach's parents were fed up with hiding the loafers and suggested they either give themselves up or bear the consequences of somebody else revealing their hideout.

"Well, that was the end of Bandera's emissary Puhach, and in his place Mikhailo Yaremenko was born again into this world," said Yaremenko. "However much you are possessed with the campaign for an independent Ukraine, life in Soviet Ukraine will sooner or later drub this nonsense out of your head. So let them go on campaigning abroad, let them skip and jump to their hearts' content. We know what we are supposed to do."

...Our conversation was cut short when one of the bridegroom's friends came out of the house with an offended look on his face and reproached us for having broken the rules of propriety by staying away so long from the wedding party.

Inside, the guests started a song which Mikhailo Yaremenko and I joined in. Then both of us admired the main adornment of the village wedding — a tree branch decorated with colorful ribbons, wheat ears and flowers, and recalled how nicely the whole ceremony of its decoration had been arranged and how the bride's mother had treated us all to the wedding bread.

"Just to think of it," said Yaremenko after a while, "that some nationalist abroad intends to liberate these people! It's enough to make a horse laugh."

The wedding merriment went on until the singers and the musicians were tired. All the guests poured out into the street, filling the air with songs and laughter.

Mikhailo Yaremenko was taciturn and immersed in thought. Overhead the enchanting autumn night flowed past us like a song. The high stars melted away with the approach of dawn.

1975

Yaroslav Halan

FROM PETLURA TO PETLURA

The German-Ukrainian nationalists (let's call them gunsels for short) have good enough reason to complain of their fate. They are simply out of luck.

Every Black Hundred has its Führer, as you know, and so the gunsels wanted one as well.

At one time the gunsels thought that Simon Petlura had all the qualities of a Führer. He was not a bad pogromist, and was selling out Ukraine with a fervor. However, he had one vice with which the gunsels could hardly reconcile: instead of going forward, he went backward.

True, he used to say that it wasn't his fault at all, but that of those who beat him and made him retreat: but this didn't make things easier for the gunsels.

So when Wilhelm's Germany was routed and Petlura abandoned his customers, selling out Ukraine to Pilsudski, the gunsels, loyal to their German master, rebelled on the umpteenth order from Berlin. The gunsels' newspapers, which up to now had dignified Petlura by the name of "hero," readapted their policies overnight and started referring to yesterday's hero with quite a new sets of epithets: "traitor, mercenary, scoundrel," while the main press organ of the gunsels in Prague, *Rozbudova natsii* (Development of the Nation), christened him with the telling name of "Judas."

For some time Skoropadsky was the gunsels' hope. He stuck to Berlin like a burr to a sheepskin coat. But he, too, was not without vices. This "Hetman of All Ukraine" did not know the Ukrainian language and mercilessly perverted the German tongue to boot. So the gunsels had to look for another Führer.

They found Colonel Yevhen Konovalets. Truth to tell, he did not move forward either, but neither did he go backward: he simply stood in place — in Berlin.

For a long time the gunsels were satisfied. And not only the gunsels, but Berlin as well. And not only Berlin, but Warsaw too. The German intelligence service paid in *marks*, and the Polish in *zlotys*. The *marks* were quoted on the Warsaw stock exchange, and the *zlotys* on the Berlin exchange.

Everything would have been all right were it not for human envy. Some of the gunsels envied Konovalets' "glory" and decided to stage a coup with the aid — of all things! — a packet of cigarettes which was presented to the Führer by his subordinates. No sooner did he open the packet, than there came a mighty bang which in a split second transformed the gunsel's Führer into a heap of meat.

Having done away with their Führer No. 2 in this way, the gunsels went into mourning and then elected Führer No. 3, Andriy Melnik. Impressed by the sad lesson of his predecessor, Melnik not only refused to accept the gunsels' presents, but hid himself behind the Gestapo so carefully that even the devil would have had a hard time finding him!

This was not exactly to the liking of some gunsels, and they set out in quest for a new, rival Führer. It turned out that this devil of

fortune's pet was none other than Stepan Bandera (don't confuse with the name of the town of Benderi, for Bandera is derived from "band").

The first thing the rivaling Führers did was to fill in the gaps in their biographies. The "Leader" Melnik was publishing "manifestoes," in which he called Bandera a scoundrel and a stool pigeon, while the "Leader" Bandera called Melnik an agent of the Polish intelligence service, the murderer of Konovalets, and — a stool pigeon as well.

Of course, both of the "leaders" were right, but this in no way satisfied the gunsels who had to have one Führer, not two.

Having lost all confidence in their own power, they appealed to their master, Hitler, to give them an appointed Führer. Hitler pondered upon this request for a long time, wondering who of the gunsel scum would be the scummiest of all, and at long last recalled Sevryuk, a German extra from the time of the Brest Peace Conference.

"Richtig!" shouted the gunsels in German.

But the Ukrainian partisans said something quite to the contrary. As soon as Sevryuk appeared in the territory of Ukraine, a contraption patterned on a mine exploded under his rail coach. It exploded with such force that Sevryuk was shattered to smithereens, and the gunsels didn't even have a chance to organize a solemn funeral for their Führer.

Now this was too thick for the gunsels. Fate was openly mocking them. So they decided to outwit it. Instead of choosing a live Führer they chose a dead one for themselves.

And who do you think they chose? Simon Petlura. That same Petlura whom the gunsels

had but recently called by his true name, that is, traitor, mercenary, scoundrel and Judas.

The gunsels could not have made a better choice. The fact that Petlura was a Judas did not bother anyone: for all times to come he will remain the first among many Judases. The fact that he already lies buried in the ground doesn't mean anything either. For very soon all of his followers will go the way of all flesh...

Well, that's the whole story.

It's short, but rather interesting.

1943

Yaroslav Halan

PEOPLE WITHOUT A HOMELAND

In the summer of 1933 a young man rang at the door of the villa housing the Soviet Consulate in Lviv. On entering, he said he wished to speak to the consul. When the visitor was informed that the consul could not receive him, he swifly drew a German Parabellum and fired a number of shots at the first person who caught his eye. The victim of the murder was Mailov, a member of the Consulate staff.

No sooner had the sounds of the last shot died away, than the bandit made for the door. But the doors in the building were of the type that open and close only through a remote-control device. In vain did the murderer look on the walls for the buttons which could free him. In vain did he, pale and frightened, run from window to window: the grilles he had not

noticed before now blocked his way of escape. The criminal, who but a minute ago had killed an innocent man in cold blood, lost his head in fear of punishment. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead; unnerved, he dived into the darkest corner.

The criminal's name was Lemik, a member of the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, formally under the leadership of Colonel Konovalets, but actually under the intelligence department of the German General Staff. Lemik was only a tool. The instigators of this vile murder were sitting smugly in Berlin carrying on "negotiations" with the aides of Groener and Himmler. In their spare time they fabricated an "ideology" to justify their black deeds and dirty killings which outshone the feats of Azef *, the arch-provocateur of the Russian counterrevolution. Azef, however, had had no need of an ideological superstructure. He was quite content to hear the imperials jingle in his pocket. The ambitions of the arch-provocateurs of the Konovalets clique went further than that. Dismissed from the stage of history, they used every means of making it at least to the variety platform. Donning yellow-blue ** mantles, they doggedly scrambled on to the stage, menacingly brandishing the chipped trident ***. The words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainian" were constantly repeated by these self-styled priests of 'superpatriotism."

---

* Azef, Yevno, 1896—1918, one of the founders and leaders of the Party of Socialist-Revolutionaries. An agent of the czarist secret police, he was responsible for the death of hundreds of people. Azef was also active in Ukraine. Unmasked in 1908, he fled abroad.

** yellow-blue — the colors of the nationalists' flag

*** trident — device of the nationalists

"It's sweet and becoming to die for one's country," they whispered in the ears of their Lemiks, sending them off on a dirty job. But when death rose up starkly before the eyes of the Lemiks, for most of them the "nationalist superstructure" would vanish instantly from their heads, without leaving even the slightest trace in their hearts.

Then the nominees to the nationalist martyrdom would throw off their crowns of thorns, and, after crying their eyes out on the bosoms of the police, they would obligingly don the invisible cap of an agent-provocateur in the service of the Lviv or Warsaw secret police.

The Lemiks' "homeland" had proved to be a myth. Encountering stark reality, the myth dispersed like poisonous fumes before a strong gust of fresh air.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE

The genealogy of the Lemiks goes back to the times when the now dead Konovalets was wearing the stars of an Austrian lieutenant on his uniform tabs. At the outbreak of the First World War Berlin became a Mecca to which the political salesmen of the nationalist breed were drawn like witches to a Sabbath.

At that time the market was tipped in their favor. Ukraine with her wealths had always played an important role in the imperialistic schemes of Germany. The so-called Union for the Liberation of Ukraine, hastily organized by the German General Staff, was to provide "cadres" for the future puppet "government". Meanwhile, with the Kaiser's blessings, some of

the ministerial candidates organized espionage and subversion in the rear of the czarist army, while others translated German propaganda leaflets into Ukrainian and then forced them upon Ukrainian prisoners of war.

The most enterprising among them, organized so-called "units of the Riflemen of the Sich" whose duty it was to entwine new laurel leaves into the dubious wreath of "glory" of the Austro-Hungarian army and assist Vienna in realizing its cherished dream of putting one of the Hapsburg archdukes onto the Ukrainian throne.

Understandably, such a policy could not expect the slightest response from the Ukrainian people, in spite of the fact that the nationalist agents employed by the central powers were eagerly using anti-czarist slogans in their work. It was just as difficult to make a fool of a Poltava peasant as it was of a Kharkiv worker, for each was only too well aware that German shackles were no less easier to bear than were czarist handcuffs. Moreover, their experience with German landowners and factory-owners had taught them that in the field of exploitation and oppression the Prussians were insurpassable masters.

In 1917 the nationalist agents of German imperialism thought their time had come. Their reports on the speeches at the Military Congress in Kiev were attentively read in Berlin. The reports were read and plans hatched.

These plans were revealed to the world in all their nakedness at the Brest Conference. With a helping hand from General Hoffman, the Ukrainian nationalists found themselves at the conference table. Released from the Berlin cage, the yellow-blue parrots obediently re-

peated what their German masters had taught them for years and obligingly nodded affirmation to all the demands made by the German delegation of the Soviet Government. When to the bang of the German generals' fists, the Soviet delegates were presented with an ultimatum on Ukraine and the Ukrainian people were faced with the enormous threat of Austro-German occupation, the nationalist supers sang joyous "Hossanas to the Almighty" to Wilhelm. At last, so they thought, their time had come, and with it the opportunity to exhange a lackey's livery for a ministerial tailcoat.

But cruel fate disenchanted the lackeys this time as well, and showed that it was far easier to put on a livery than shed it. At a time when the Ukrainian people, through the feats of their soldiers, were writing a new page in a glorious history, when all Ukraine had risen against the German invaders, the followers of Mazepa from the Central Rada did not dare stick their noses out of the reception rooms of their German patrons. The fires of rebellion, flaring up now in one part of the country, now in another, alarmed and worried the battle-seasoned Prussian generals and evoked raw terror in the Kiev "ministers." These people without a homeland now knew what it meant to face the hatred of a great nation, a hatred which no repressive actions could quell, for every bullet fired by the invader, or by his nationalist henchmen, kindled yet another spark bringing nearer the day of the great uprising of all the people.

When the politicians from the Central Rada were superceded by a new German favorite — Pavlo Skoropadsky, the situation did not change in the least. Ukraine seethed, Ukraine wanted to live her own way. She destroyed

with equal hatred the punitive units of General Eichhorn * and the uniformed henchmen of Skoropadsky.

Skoropadsky was to feel the brunt of this hatred in the fall of 1918, when he was forced to flee in a German ambulance train by the very same route along which his descendants of the Petlura school were to show a light pair of heels some time afterward.

In vain did the nationalist riffraff try later to tear out these black pages from their infamous history; in vain did the nationalist falsifiers compose abroad legends about their "Thermopylae" near the railroad station of Kruty — for nothing can repudiate the fact that during those turbulent years their influence had never gone beyond the limits that the bayonet of the interventionist had drawn for them.

WARSAW MELODIES

In 1919 they made yet another attempt to put a noose around the neck of the Ukrainian people. This time, due to the temporary incapacity of their Berlin guardians, they concluded an alliance with Pilsudski, who was at that point preparing his campaign on Kiev. Simon Petlura, the same Petlura who in the winter of that year had proclaimed pathetically that his controversy with the Poles over Western Ukraine would be settled only with the sword, not only sheathed his sword some months afterwards and hastily recognized Pilsudski's claims for Western Ukraine, but by a secret agreement also ceded him all the territory on the right bank

* Eichhorn — general commanding the German expeditionary troops in Ukraine in 1918. Assassinated in Kiev

of the Dnieper, leaving for himself the humble right to rule Left-Bank Ukraine, under the strict supervision of Warsaw at that.

But Pilsudski's luck was even more short-lived than that of Wilhelm II. Some weeks after his advance began, he was worrying less about the retention of Kiev than about how to hold Warsaw itself. This time as well Petlura's "government" took to flight, fransferring its capital on wheels to Western Poland. The saloon car with the trident got stuck forever on a remote siding at the railroad station of Tarnow, and its passengers had no choice but to pass their years on foreign bread, and, growing older, to wait for the next juncture to come, to seek new patrons of political prostitution, who were still powerful enough to fill the disappointed hearts of the nationalists with new hope of realizing their crazy dreams.

ENTR'ACTE

As matters turned out, they waited a long time. However, in this interval between two acts — the First and Second World wars — the people without a homeland did not rest idly. On the one hand, they repaired the thread linking them with Berlin, which the course of events had broken off, and on the other hand, they continued to gamble on the great-power Jagiello mania of Pilsudski. To keep in practice they simultaneously worked for every available counterespionage service: Olga Bassarab was devotedly working for the German, Petro Pevny for the Polish, Onatsky and Ostroverkh for the Italian. Some of the nominees to the yellow-blue mandarinate, such as Skoropadsky and Konovalets, were waiting for better times under the

black wing of the German pseudo-republic, while others, such as Andriy Levitsky and Dmitro Levitsky, under the white wing of the eagle on the Vistula.

Through their agents, who were simultaneously agents of the central powers, they continued to try to "strike at the heart" of the Ukrainian people. They struck, to be sure, with guns and pistols, with acts of espionage, sabotage and subversion, and with hypocritical propaganda. And when in response our people hit them near Bazar, when they hit them at the trial of the so-called Association for the Liberation of Ukraine — the latter a new version of the Union for the Liberation of Ukraine — they raised a hue and cry about the "red terror in Ukraine." These pygmies, foaming with impotent fury, scattered throughout Europe and scrambled onto rostrums to advocate a "crusade" against the Soviet Union, particularly against the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

IN THE EMBRACE OF THE SWASTIKA

It was no accident that this hurly-burly coincided with Hitler's advent to power. It was no accident that for her anti-Soviet "crusade" Milena Rudnitska had picked the rostrum of the Geneva Congress of National Minorities directed by a rabid Hitlerite. It was Hitler who gave his blessings to the pensioners from the nationalist happy valley.

Notably, at that time the yellow-blue tribe produces examples of "discipline." As we know, the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, attempting to fool the people of Western Ukraine with an ersatz "revolutionary zeal," applied from its inception the tactics of

individual terror against selected representatives of the Polish administration. But as soon as Hitler came to an agreement with Beck (Minister of Foreign Affairs of bourgeois Poland — Ed.), the OUN chieftains suddenly called a halt to the "terror." Moreover, when some of their members, disoriented by the sudden change of tactics, dared to protest, they paid with their life. The bodies of a young man and a priest's daughter, which were found by one of the ponds in Lviv with bullets in their brains, speak eloquently about the fact that the OUN bosses were interested in fascist Germany more than in the life and blood of their comrades in the organization.

THE DAY OF RECKONING IS CLOSE

But it was only in June 1941 that the people without a homeland showed what a rabble which had made a profession out of political banditry and treason was really capable of. The tanks of Hitler's hordes had not yet got into gear, when the yellow-blue tribe of Western Ukraine had already drawn the knives out of their bootlegs.

The invaders had hardly entered Lviv, when the riffraff crept out of their holes and killed Soviet people, competing in their atrocities with the German soldiery. Why? First of all, because such was the order of the Gestapo.

Dreaming about the future Poland, the Polish author Zeromski wrote his *Dream about the Sword.* The yellow-blue breed proved to be far more modest. They dreamed not of a knightly sword, but of the usual rod of a German *Polizeimeister.*

However, even this dream did not last long, for it was cut short by the very hand that had placed the bandit knife into their hands. Two of the armed units, which the German allowed the Galician "aborigines" to organize during the first days of the war, were disbanded by the German officers before the men of these units had even mastered the Prussian goose step. Only those renegades who were sufficiently seedy and already toothless were permitted by Himmler to toy with "politics" which, for the most part, consisted in reprinting material from the *Völkischer Beobachter* on the pages of the *Krakiwski visti* (Cracow News).

Twenty-five years of Soviet power mean twenty-five years of Ukrainian statehood. The fascists do not consider us a people, they are rabid, irreconcilable enemies of Ukraine, enemies of her statehood. We lead a life and death struggle with them. For our life, for their death. The entire people has united in this struggle. Through its heroism on the battlefield it is building itself a monument of eternal glory. And the closer the day of our victory comes, the stronger the beat of the hearts — ordinary yet great in this very ordinariness — of the Soviet people.

However, the closer the day of reckoning, the greater the fear and despair of the hangmen of Ukraine, of the hangmen and their hirelings — the people without a homeland, human scum which today has found itself beyond the mainstream of history, where runs but one road — the road to ignominy and eternal oblivion.

1942

Petro Kozlanyuk

FOR THOSE WHO'RE STILL DEAF

There is in our Western Ukrainian lands a setup called UNDO which, deciphered, means Ukrainian National Democratic Union.

It's called Ukrainian because it was founded by the Ukrainian bourgeoisie; national, because landowners and clerics of Ukrainian origin are affiliated to it; and democratic, because that makes it easier to humbug the gullible folks. It's allegedly neither aristocratic nor bourgeois, but democratic and national besides! Do you hear that, Ivan! And it fights for a great, sovereign and independent Mother-Ukraine stretching from the Don right up to the Carpathians, God blast your soul!

Well, the UNDO fought for a united and independent Ukraine, and in this struggle it was bolstered up by the radicals of the USRP.

Let's unite, kith to kin! they hollered. Ukraine has not died yet! Bring to bear what pressure we can, and as long as someone comes up with something for our blue-yellow forces — we'll be in Kiev in no time!

Think of all Kiev's golden-domed churches and monasteries — from which the Bolsheviks have chased out the clerics. Kiev would make a splendid capital for our blue-yellow UNR!

...There would be Halushchinsky or Levitsky for President or Hetman of "All Great Ukraine," and ministerial posts galore for the completely Ukrainian Pevnys, Lutskys, Paliys, Stakhivs, Koberskys, Olenitskys and the rest...

Come on, forward on Kiev!

And in that yellow-blue Ukraine of ours there would be Ukrainian gendarmes, and there

would be Ukrainian landowners and executioners, and blue-yellow jails with tridents on the rooves.

All this would be yours, Ukrainian people. All this would be for you, you Bolshevized Ukrainian peasants and workers...! And for you, the blue Dnieper River, disgraced though you are by the Dnieper hydropower project... For you — the former landowners' lands, now plowed up by tractors...! And for you — the Ukrainian landowners, lordlings, rich peasants and clerics.

"Do you agree with us, Holy Father? Do you give us your blessing for the crusade against the enemies of our holy creed?" they hollered.

"I agree, children!" the answer echoed all the way from Rome.

"To battle! To battle!" the trumpeters blared in Paris, London, Berlin and Warsaw.

* * *

"Politics, like commerce, rests on calculations" says the nationalist Gospel disguised as the *Rozbudova natsiï* (Development of the Nation) journal published in Prague.

The UNDO has stuck to such calculations right from its inception. It politicizes, trades, calculates, and together with the radicals "fights" for a "united Ukraine" in Warsaw.

Looking at all this fuss, the politically backward peasant wonders:

"Our landowners promised and promised something, but... didn't they do the same during the pacification * in the autumn?"

---

* Reference to the summary reprisals of the Polish bourgeois government against the Ukrainian population of Eastern Galicia in response to the nationalists' terroristic actions.

"But what are calculations for then, man?" says the UNDO. "After all, politics, like commerce, is based on calculations."

If the UNDO is calculating at the expense of your battered hides, don't you wonder. It couldn't have been otherwise, and you should have realized it a long, long time ago. Because like draws to like, says a wise and hoary proverb.

So don't wonder, don't worry, and don't shed your tears when you read that the Ukrainian Parliamentary Representation (elected, as a matter of fact, during the pacification) was the guest of the chairman of the Polish Diet in Warsaw on behalf of the UNDO, and that Lutsky, Zahaikevich, Halushchinsky and the rest (Ukrainian UNDO deputies to the Diet — Ed.) were hammering out an "agréement" in Warsaw.

So you see, like draws to like! Politics means calculations all the way.

So don't you wonder, don't you grieve if the UNDO is so zealously fighting for a "great Ukraine."

They're calculating on their "own forces," and what has that got to do with you? Such calculations won't get you any governmental posts, because they're intended only for the UNDO; it won't be you who'll be shouting about loyalty in the Diet, it'll be only the gentlemen from the UNDO; and the money gained from the "pacification" also won't be yours, it'll go only to the UNDO gentlemen.

And so, as regards the complaint sent to Geneva about the abuse of power during the pacification, don't worry about that either. The League of Nations is a wonderful thing, but...

although it has a grand palace in Geneva, I personally haven't read anywhere that this League has been of any help in soothing a battered hide.

Like draws to like.

1931

Volodimir Belyaev,
Mikhailo Rudnitsky

"SAVIORS" OF THE THIRD REICH

A month after the German fascists seized Lviv, Andriy Melnik sent *Reichsleiter* Alfred Rosenberg a telegram, dated July 24, 1941:

"The Ukrainian nationalists, who have long stood for German-Ukrainian cooperation in word and deed, resent the rumours about the incorporation of Western Ukraine into the *Generalgouvernement.* We hope that the foresight of your Excellency will not permit the putting into effect of such a plan for the division of Ukraine."

The Hitlerites did not like when their spies, such as Melnik and Bandera, posed as statesmen and meddled in business beyond their competence. The nazis allowed the Ukrainian nationalists to play the part of romantics and to nurse their unmaterialized dreams of establishing an "independent Ukraine." But the moment these dreams diverged from the plans of the German High Command, the fascists ignored such dreams with their typical grossness and cynicism.

The Hitlerites divided Ukraine in the following way: Volhynia, Podolia, and Kiev, Zhitomir, Poltava, Dnipropetrovsk and Zaporizhya regions were split up into *Generalbezirke* in which the *Generalkommissaren* were the exclusive lords. The southern regions of Byelorussia were also under their administration.

Ukraine's western regions, which comprised the district of Galicia, were incorporated into the Polish *Generalgouvernement* and handed over to Hans Frank to rule. Their population was subordinated to Cracow where Frank had made his seat in the Wawel Castle, the former residence of the Polish kings.

The third part of Ukraine was given to boyar-ruled Rumania in reward for her support in the war on fascist Germany's side. This part included the lands between the Bug and Dniester rivers and was called *Transnistria* by the Rumanians. Its administrative center was Odessa. Rumania also received Bukovina and the Izmail Region.

The territories of the Donbas and Sumy, Kharkiv and Chernihiv regions were under direct control of the nazi High Command.

In this way the fascist invaders sliced up Ukraine, grossly mocking at the historical past of her people and their traditions and divided the single, mightily bound Ukrainian land into artificial cordons.

And what did the Ukrainian nationalits do during those days of fascist violence and wanton rule?

In Western Ukraine they honored the arrival of Hitler's troops by putting up crosses with the inscription "Heil Hitler and Bandera!", as was the case in the village of Ozerki in Rovno Region.

Galicia became part of the *Generalgouvernement*, and the Lviv throne was occupied neither by Stetsko nor Melnik, but by a police Major-General and SS *Brigadeführer,* Karl Lasch, who in a short time made himself a fortune on the blood of Lviv's residents.

* * *

Shortly after the Battle of Stalingrad, when the Red Army radically changed the course of the whole war, the German spy Andriy Melnik, who for a certain period of time was left out of the political game, came forward as a "savior" of fascist Germany, and started writing letters to General-Fieldmarshal Keitel. In one of them Melnik assured:

"The Ukrainian people are in such a position that, in spite of the great disappointments of the past two years, they could contribute to the struggle against Moscow as valid allies of Germany and its adherents. The formation of a Ukrainian army could raise the Ukrainian people to the level of ally as stated above... It seems to be high time to include Ukraine in the anti-Bolshevik front... It is imperative to form a battleworthy Ukrainian army. Unfortunately, many such chances have been missed during the past two years. To make up for them we hope that the question of organizing the Ukrainian armed forces in the form we have presented here, and which we consider to be the only correct one, will meet with proper understanding and interest on your part, Herr Fieldmarshal... Responsible Ukrainian quarters, above all the military, are ready to resolve this question, to which we attach the greatest importance for the victorious outcome in the struggle with Moscow, being ready to take part and place ourselves for this purpose under the High Command of the armed forces.

Berlin, the 6th day of February
1943, Andriy Melnik, leader of the Ukrainian
nationalists"

That's how Andriy Melnik, bartering the blood of the Ukrainian people, played the role of "savior" of the Third Reich.

Melnik thought that it was possible to set up an army of sorts to help Hitler, because he still believed in the victory of German fascism. At that time the Hitlerites were prepared to enter into alliance with anyone who came their way. Their reserves were dwindling, the era of the *Volkssturm* had set in, and the last musicians of the Berlin orchestras were just about to be sent to the front line to check the advance of the Red Army.

So Hitler gave his consent to the nationalists' proposition to organize the SS Division "Halychina."

On this occasion a divine service was held at St. George's Cathedral in Lviv in honor of Adolf Hitler who graciously permitted the Ukrainians to die for the glory of fascism. However, the Hitlerites made no bones about showing that they did not consider the Ukrainians their valid allies. Wächter, the Governor of *Distrikt Galizien*, gave the following instructions to the recruiters of volunteers to the division:

"...you must avoid expressions which might allude to any form of fellowship *(Bruderschaft)* between Germans and Ukrainians. Also, do not form the impression that we are called upon to assist the Ukrainians. The Ukrainians must not be called allies."

The SS Division "Halychina" was to serve as gun fodder of the same nature as the French Legion under Marcel Deat and the Spanish "Blue Division" which General Franco sent to the Eastern Front.

At the time when the recruiters left for the towns and villages of Galicia to seek "volunteers," Wächter hastily set up a Military Board, appointing the former Austrian general Victor Kurmanovich its honorary chairman. This appointment showed once again that the fascists viewed the Ukrainian nationalists, especially those who fought under the yellow-black colors of Austria, as their longtime associates.

The business of recruiting "volunteers" proved not that easy. The Ukrainian populace was not inclined to die for the Führer the way a wretched handful of traitors tried to describe it.

Realizing that the recruitment was taking an ugly turn, the Ukrainian Central Committee scribbled an appeal to the populace, but it, too, did not help. So Kubiyovich and his band resorted to threats and blackmail. Governor Wächter, Stawiski, chief of the Lviv Gestapo, and Katzman, the notorious butcher who headed the Gestapo and police of *Distrikt Galizien*, were especially keen to know how the formation of the SS Division "Halychina" progressed. From time to time even Hitler himself asked questions about it.

Katzman, Stawiski and Wächter spurred on their Ukrainian nationalist hirelings to speed up the recruitment.

Coersion became the main method of "voluntary" enlistment in the division. Village elders and recruiters rounded up young men and herded them into trucks for deportation to the city. School principals forced their students to join the nationalist division. The principal of a commerce school in Lviv, Kovalisko, forcibly enlisted all the students of the senior grades. Having exhausted all threats, the principal of the First Ukrainian *Gymnasium* of Lviv,

the old nationalist hand Radzikewich, promised the "volunteers" they would obtain their diplomas with ease if they agreed to enlist. A number of Ukrainian bourgeois intellectuals, whose life and careers were hinged on the nationalists and the nazis, were forced to send their sons to the division "for the sake of sacred example."

To evade the recruiters, the young workers and villagers fled to the forests.

The glorious raid of the partisan army under Major-General Sydir Kovpak evoked a new surge of hope in the hearts of the Galicians.

The sudden appearance of the partisans in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains unnerved the traitors tremendously, while encouraging the masses of the working people.

A short letter sent to Lviv by a Ukrainian village girl vividly described the situation in Western Ukraine in the summer of 1943:

"Tatariv. 7.08.1943. For the third week now there are skirmishes with the partisans in our vicinity. The German and Ukrainian police are legion, stretching from Nadvirna to Vorokhta. The partisans are in the mountains under the command of the glorious Major-General Kovpak. They literally make a laughing stock of the Hitlerites and jeer at them just as they like. They send our men to the fascists with accurately drawn, but false, plans of partisan camps. The fascist planes fly into the mountains and drop bombs, but not on partisans, but just on tree stumps and shrubs disguised with rags, old clothing, caps and the like... Please destroy the letter upon receipt.

Zina

The Gestapo arrested the parents of young men who refused to join the division. Those who

did not want to go to the recruiting stations were deported to Germany for forced labor or thrown into concentration camps.

Despite all these forms of "conviction," the SS Division "Halychina" remained undermanned. So its ranks were filled in with the Ukrainian auxiliary police who, being used to an easy life of plundering and killing civilians, were by no means happy to go to the front line. The division was made up of déclassé elements, people of no particular occupation, who had absolutely nothing in common with the Ukrainian nation. Little by little the gaps in the division's ranks were stuffed with traitors brought in from the Baltic regions. In the division units there appeared Lithuanian, Latvian and Estonian nationalists, who decided well in advance to change their clime and place of permanent residence, saving their hides from the just reckoning of their own peoples.

Instruction in the division, commanded by SS *Oberführer* Freitag, was carried out in the German language under the supervision of German officers. The Hitlerites treated the Galician recruits like slaves. The slightest misdemeanor was punished by incarceration, any attempts at desertion were suppressed with executions without any investigation or trial.

Shortly after the division was organized, the trainees stationed in Olomouc, Dembice and Warsaw started sending letters back home to Galicia, in which they screamed for food.

The Ukrainian Central Committee collected alms for the division: money, food, clothing; it tried to organize charity meetings, bazaars and concerts. Some shops displayed in their windows an SS trumpeter with a yellow-blue flag, who blared the call "Onwards to Moscow!" But

neither the sound of the trumpet, nor the instructions of the advisers from the propaganda department of the Military Board, nor the senile efforts of Victor Kurmanovich helped a bit. The UCC urged in its appeals: "It's now or never!" And once again, just like in the days of the First World War, the traitors tried to send the youth off to be butchered. The populace of Western Ukraine, however, scorned these appeals and by its behavior said a definite "Never!"

The SS Division "Halychina" met the same fate as all the other fascist units encircled at Brody. It was thrashed and destroyed by the Red Army in July 1944, which liberated Lviv and advanced on Warsaw and the capital of the Third Reich — Berlin.

The division completely fell apart. Only an insignificant part of its officers and men managed to slip out of the encirclement at Brody. They served the fascists to the last days of Hitler's Reich.

Some men from the division were seen on the ruins of Warsaw during the suppression of the Warsaw uprising. Together with Himmler's units these traitors fought the insurgent Poles, summarily killing women and children huddling in cellars and executing civilians in the thousands beyond the city limits.

One of the division soldiers, a certain Vashchenko who was killed by a Warsaw insurgent, had a diary on him with a rather revealing entry:

"Our situation is ghastly. Our lives will end abruptly in the flower of our youth. We'll die at the hands of either the Poles, or our brothers and fathers, or else our allies — the Germans. Wherever you go a bullet or grenade

awaits you, every window here breathes of death."

The Ukrainian fascists who survived the debacle found their way to the foothills of the Alps where they guarded the inmates of the Mauthausen concentration camp. They brought the last survivors of Majdanek and Oswiecim (Auschwitz) to this camp and herded decent patriots into the St. Georgen quarries, killing there the emaciated victims with stones. The nationalists were zealous assistants of the commandant of the Russian camp Bachmeier and dealt mercilessly with its Soviet prisoners of war.

* * *

The activity of Volodimir Kubiyovich, Kost Pankivsky and other German agents was not only restricted to providing the SS Division "Halychina" with gun fodder. They were no less diligent in deporting Ukrainians to German labor camps and military plants.

On May 13, 1942, the German military command issued the order on obligatory state labor. A plan was drawn up, according to which the local *Arbeitsamts* (labor exchanges — Ger.), including those in Western Ukraine, were to send a predetermined labor force to Germany — predominantly young and able-bodied men and women. The *Arbeitsamts* could not cope with this assignment: in every possible way the populace of Western Ukraine evaded the mobilization. So the provost corps had to interfere.

On August 6, 1942, the commandant of the provost corps of *Distrikt Galizien* issued an order instructing his force to take part in the deportation of workers to Germany.

A manhunt was started. Throughout Western Ukraine, as in the entire territory of occupied Ukraine, there appeared large barbed-wire camps — assembly points for deportees. In the little town of Yavoriv, northwest of Lviv, 2,500 people were rounded up and deported as slave labor, and in the district center of Horodok the number reached 2,569.

But these figures did not satisfy the nazis. After a telephone message from Frank, Governor Wächter summoned the leaders of the UCC Kubiyovich, Bilyak and Navrotsky and told them to employ all means to help the "official bodies of the governorship in this extremely important work for the Reich."

The old and young nationalist hands were ready for service. In their newspapers they started picturing Germany as a "paradise" for Ukrainian peasants. There people were supposedly making not only lots of money, but also acquiring the necessary skills to run their farms.

With the help of the nationalists the Gestapo and the Ukrainian auxiliary police herded young boys and girls into freight cars, sealed the doors, and wrote on them: *"Nach Deutschland!"* (To Germany — Ger.).

When Wächter organized a "seeing-off ceremony" for the three hundred thousandth worker leaving for Germany, the Ukrainian nationalists responded to this cynical procedure with an outburst of applause.

Very soon the villages began receiving sorrowful messages from Germany where hundreds of Ukrainians died in underground plants and on construction sites. Many of those who managed to return home were crippled, blind or deaf for the rest of their lives. Pregnant girls

returned to their native villages, disgraced and emotionally maimed. All as one cursed the OUN leaders for trading in "human commodities." Those who realized they would meet the same fate hid in the forests, stealthily visiting their families in the dark of night.

* * *

The longer the war went on, the greater the demand of the insatiable Reich for grain, meat and other products. More and more often Ukraine's *Reichskommissar* Koch and Governor Wächter summoned the loyal nationalist hirelings to their offices and gave them clear and bluntly worded assignments as to plundering.

Appealing not only to the shades of Mazepa, Petlura and Konovalets, but also the Lord God, the Ukrainian nationalists tried to convince the peasants that the consignments of products were to make Ukraine prosperous.

As a result of the war the town and village populations dwindled. Those who remained behind were forced to work at *Liegenschaften* (nazi estates — Ger.) and deliver consignments of cattle, wheat, rye, vegetables and honey besides.

A Hitlerite soldier brandishing a submachine gun would enter a village and holler the only phrase he had learned from the Ukrainian-Russian-Polish vocabulary: *Davai maslo, mleko, jajko, kurka"* (Give me butter, milk, eggs, hens!). The peasants now heard the same song, but this time in Ukrainian, from the nationalists. It was also sung from the pulpit of St. George's Cathedral by Metropolitan Sheptitsky. The same tune came from the numerous footmen, bailiffs and village elders who, on the instruc-

tion of the nazi command, mercilessly plundered the peasants. Punitive expeditions prowled through the countryside, requisitioning, apart from the consignments, everything they took a liking for. In the summer of 1943 the rapid advance of the Red Army made the invaders redouble their efforts to take out of Ukraine as much as possible.

In those days an appeal of the local underground circulated in Western Ukraine. Passed from hand to hand, it read:

"Ukrainian peasants,

"It's harvest time. From morning till late in the evening you work in the fields to provide for your existence and feed the cities. However, the nazi invader covets the fruits of your calloused hands, which you have gained with sweat and blood. He does not care whether your families die of hunger or our cities become depopulated. He needs bread at whatever price to stuff his insatiable units of policemen and gendarmes here in our parts, and the occupation army on the front line.

"Ukrainian peasants,

"Will you really give away your bread to those who strive to subjugate all nations, who bring slavery and death to our land? No, never!

"The unconquerable Red Army is advancing from the East. Its air strikes in the south and west are gaining in power. Hitler's rule is shaken, the invaders' powers are weakened and sapped. The enemy is aware of this. That is why he tries to take from the peasant as much as he can.

"In the western regions of Ukraine consignments have been doubled. But, apparently, this is not enough! The villages in Bobrka and Ko-

marno districts have had to bear a 4—6-fold burden. The enemy is in a hurry. He has set August 20 as the day when the first consignments are to be delivered. For this purpose the nazis are sending units of police and gendarmes, they are arming the lower administrative ranks with the bailiff in the lead, and will declare a state of emergency during harvest time. They are mobilizing their entire propaganda machine with the UCC chairman Kubiyovich at its head. The fascists are trying to sow enmity between the Ukrainian and Polish populace through the offices of their provocateurs from the nationalist camps. They are trying to set the Ukrainians on the Poles and in this way divert the wrath of the Ukrainian and Polish peoples against their common, rabid enemy — Hitlerism. The diversion of the wrath of the people from their real oppressors will enable the fascists to plunder the countryside with greater ease.

"But all these attempts and ventures are in vain. The Ukrainian and Polish peoples will follow the path of joint struggle against their common enemy. To date everyone knows: the common enemy is Hitlerism. But one of the most important fronts against Hitlerism is the breakdown of its supplies from the nations it has subjugated. So remember: the collection of the consignments is an arbitrary, blunt and shameless act of plundering the residents of town and country in Ukraine's western regions to support the existence of Hitlerism. Our countryside is responding with brave counteraction to the collection of consignments by the German invaders. In Bortniki, for instance, the local bailiff has been liquidated for having toadied to the invaders. In Novoselki and

Holohirki the bailiffs have been warned with sticks applied to their backs.

"Villagers,

"Thresh your grain and hide it in a safe place. Better burn the consignments than give them to the nazis. Unite for self-defense and organize units to oppose the collection of consignments! Severely punish those in you midst who assist the enemy in his disgusting robbery!

"Bailiffs and members of the consignment-collecting commissions,

"Bear in mind and remember this — if you remain true servants of the enemy you will find no place to hide from our reckoning. The power of Hitlerism is already weak. Its days of rule are numbered.

"Village youth,

"It is precisely you who must take a massive and active part in defending the fruits of labor of your native village. Your place is in the front ranks! Organize partisan units! Organize armed resistance against the punitive units collecting the consignments!

"Ukrainian villagers of the western regions of Ukraine,

"Confiscate the grain and distribute it among the populace; destroy the storage facilities, mills and nazi estates. Destroy and burn the police establishments and stations — the centers of the enemy's punitive actions! Liquidate his manpower in these units! The day of liberty is approaching. Down with the treasonous consignment commissions! Down with Hitlerism! Not a single grain for the invaders! All bread to the people of Ukraine's western regions!

Military Council of the
People's Guard of Ukraine's
western regions."

This was the real truth which the sons of the Ukrainian people told the peasants, and with which they bravely opposed the invaders and their servants — the bourgeois nationalists. And their call found a warm response in the hearts of millions of peasants, encouraging them to fight for a free Soviet Ukraine.

1956

Volodimir Vilny

THE WHITE GLOVES OF HERR STETSKO

My problem started right at the very beginning of this pamphlet. You see, since I've mentioned a certain Herr Stetsko in the heading I must explain who he is and where he hails from. As for the first part of the question, it must be said that he gained unsavory fame in his home country and to this day his name is pronounced with aversion and censure. As regards his place of birth and extraction I risk insulting the residents of a village by the Zbruch River, who're not too happy to be reminded that the aforementioned Herr Stetsko was born in their locality into the family of a God-fearing priest. Suffice it to say that Yaroslav Stetsko was the second in command in Bandera's gang. "Leader" No. 1 was, of course, Stepan Bandera himself. Today Stetsko is Numero Uno of the nationalist political "exiles."

The fact that the Ukrainian nationalists fed on the offals from the German fascist kitchen

is irrefutable. The fact that together with the invaders they staged massacres is also common knowledge. And the fact that after the war the OUN tried to paralyze the revival of the Ukrainian nation through terror is something which needs no proving as well. The nationalists won't be able to disclaim these crimes even with the help of the devil.

In the twilight of life a criminal usually recalls his victims, who appear in his dreams and haunt him at every step. The criminal has either to cope with his unending nightmares or become insane. In the first case he runs to church to beg God to absolve his sins; in the second case he ends up in an asylum. But some criminals try to whitewash themselves, justifying their deeds before their contemporaries. In this case they become "authors" who thoroughly falsify their memoirs. We're not trying to assert that Yaroslav Stetsko started to write his memoirs in one of these erratic states we have mentioned above. But we know for sure that before he placed a blank sheet of paper on his desk he pulled white gloves over his hands, afraid he'd leave traces of blood on his report. With these white gloves on his hands Herr Stetsko produced a thick volume entitled *June 30, 1941.*

For the Ukrainian nation this date doesn't mean anything, except that it was the eighth day of the war which the German fascists had treacherously unleashed. But for Stetsko and his milieu it was the biggest red-letter day of all, a day when a spectacle was staged in Lviv. On that day the Ukrainian nationalist "elite" and a handful of traitors, who had quietly sat through the retreat of Soviet troops, held a meeting which was attended by such high-

ranking guests as the Reich's representatives under Erich Koch, as well as a group of common idlers from the Lviv taverns. The meeting called itself no less than a "national assembly" and "proclaimed" the so-called Ukrainian National Republic. Writing about this "historic event," Stetsko manifestly savors and revels in his recollections. The way he puts it, this "state act" took place against the will of the German authorities and the "nationalists displayed courage," Yaroslav Stetsko being, of course, the first to do so. This is how he describes the event: "At this point Prof. Koch asked for the floor. I agreed (Stetsko chaired the meeting — V. V.). Speaking in German, Prof. Koch firstly expressed his negative stand toward the act of proclaiming the re-establishment of statehood... He concluded his speech in German by dismissing the meeting. Without turning in the direction where he stood with the officers, I stated sharply: 'The national assembly is to continue.' "

This cheap comedy, as we see, carried an element of drama. The invader in German uniform dismissed the illegal meeting, while the nationalist Stetsko didn't obey him and continued it. Wasn't Herr Stetsko rather too bold and incautious? Such behavior did not savor of boldness. It was only a pose intended to present himself in the guise of a "champion" before the gullible readers. The newly-made "chairman of the Ukrainian state administration in Lviv" wasn't that bold to ask for trouble from the German occupation authorities! Nothing of the kind! The whole spectacle was staged in accordance with and on the instructions of the very same occupation authorities,

which makes the belated evidence of Herr Stetsko an ordinary lie. The fact that the fascists had given this "act" their blessing is supported in another document. This is how the former nationalist Hanna Horbova describes a rather revealing episode which took place in Cracow before Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union: "The first diplomatic luncheon was held in the elegant home of the woodcarver Libling... At the head of the table sat a German major... the chief of the Cracow Gestapo Heim was one of the guests; another was the chief of the OUN intelligence Mikola Lebid...

" 'Please, some wine, and let us drink for independence, said Heim. 'And, of course, for you, chief, and you, Prime Minister, because we're drinking to Ukraine and Ukraine means you...' " This intimate get-together clearly showed the nazis' attitude toward the proclamation of "independence" at the outbreak of the war.

Today Stetsko and his ilk would pay in gold to erase the memory of those luncheons with the Gestapo, and all the toasts and comaraderie with Koch, which betray the real essence of the nationalists' "revolutionary leadership" and the truth about their "independence". For the nationalists to confess today that the executioners employed by the Gestapo and Canaris' intelligence agency had been their erstwhile friends would be to evoke the hatred of mankind. In this case the relevance of the saying "a man is known by the company he keeps" is true as ever. The gentlemen from the OUN shudder at the very idea of the Ukrainian people knowing about their partnership with the fascist vampires. After the war one of the nationalist leaders confessed: "We behaved in Ukraine

like the British did in India, Burma and their other colonies." To which we think it proper to add: and like the fascists in the subjugated lands of Europe.

Paper will tolerate anything scribbled on it, because it is dumb. Small wonder that Yaroslav Stetsko tries to prove on paper that black is white and white black. In doing so he doesn't abide by the most elementary rules of decency, because that's something he never was on good terms with. Only a man lacking morals and honesty could address the Ukrainian people and thrust downright nonsense on them. Without so much as a glance at the truth, he states that the OUN "activity had nothing in common with the German military campaign, and there was no agreement and synchronization of actions with the Germans" (p. 51). And further on: "...above all, we fought on two fronts — both against the Germans and against the Bolshevik partisans, in this way equally sapping the strength of the enemies." Or: "It was precisely the Ukrainian nationalists who with guns in their hands fought nazism." Isn't that cynical statement an outright mockery of the memory of the real fighters against fascism?

We're not inclined to think that Herr Stetsko's memory has become blurred with age. On the contrary, we're convinced that it's lucid enough to be twisted for his own ends. But as a man given to uncontrollable verbal outpours, he at times lets the cat out of the bag without realizing it. On page 164 there is a rather revealing confession: "With the help of Colonel R. Jary (a notorious Hitlerite who supervised the adjustments in the OUN's activities — V. V.) Stepan Bandera had a talk with Admiral Canaris..., finding that he completely agreed with

the Germans' views of the Admiral, who promised his support of the Ukrainian political concept." So, after all, an understanding was reached between the OUN leader Bandera and the German intelligence chief. Stetsko modestly passes over in silence the details of this "understanding." We hope that eventually it will be revealed in the corresponding archives. But as it is we have other evidence, factual evidence for that matter. The OUN acted in an awkward way and left its criminal traces behind.

Back in August 31, 1940, Soviet border guards seized a German agent, Yosip Pinchuk, when he crossed the San River in the region of Peremyshl. As an emissary of the Cracow OUN district executive, he entered the territory of the Soviet Union not on a goodwill tour, but on a rather concrete mission set him by both the OUN and the fascists. What does Stetsko have to say to that? Isn't that evidence enough to prove what that "understanding" was all about? It is documented in Y. Strizhkov's book *The Heroes of Peremyshl*: "From the first hours of the war nationalist elements went into action in Peremyshl. In small groups, armed with pistols and submachine guns, they shot at the Soviet units holding defenses. They attacked a number of fire emplacements, in this way enabling the fascist troops to get across the river onto our bank in some places. Besides, a well armed group of nationalists attacked the town jail and released criminals who started looting the population and the stores. These habitual bandits killed women and children in the process. Two nationalist fascist 'units' were transferred to the road leading from Peremyshl to Nizhankovichi to lay an ambush. From the roadside wheat fields

and shrubbery they fired at women and children as they fled eastward."

Will Herr Stetsko really try to fool us into believing that he didn't know anything about this? Didn't he know that those were OUN men who "synchronized" their actions with the German troops? What the traitor tries to hush up was frankly blurted out by the Hitlerites at the Nuremberg trial of the major nazi war criminals. Erwin Stolze, deputy of Abwehr-II chief General Lahousen, testified: "I received instructions from Lahousen to organize and lead a special group under the code name 'A', which would start preparations to carry out sabotage and foster demoralization in the Soviet rear. I got in touch with the Ukrainian nationalists who worked for German intelligence and with other participants of pro-fascist groups whom I enlisted to carry out the abovementioned missions. In particular, I gave personal instructions to the leaders of the Ukrainian nationalists — the German agent Melnik (alias First Consul) and Bandera — to organize, right after Germany's attack on the Soviet Union, provocations in Ukraine to undermine the nearest rear of the Soviet troops and also to convince world public opinion of the supposed demoralization of the Soviet rear." That's what was said by a man who knew many secret sides of the contacts and cooperation between the nationalists and fascists.

There are also other documents testifying to this cooperation, in particular those found in the archive of Bulba, the *Ataman* of the so-called *Polissia Sich*, later renamed the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA).

The UPA was conceived in the concrete bunkers of German intelligence and enthusiastically

organized by the OUN leadership. Its objective was to fight Soviet partisans and disrupt operations in the rear of the advancing Soviet Army. The UPA was joined by "units" of accomplished criminals, as well as by a scattering of honest patriots who had been fooled by the OUN appeals to join in the struggle against the nazi invaders. Those who eventually saw through the lies were brutally destroyed by the OUN, i e. by Stetsko & Co. This fact is also evidenced in the documents we have mentioned above. Murder will out, as the saying goes.

Now, what about all those ventures of the fascist — OUN union which became common knowledge a long time ago? What about, say, the *Nachtigall* and *Roland* battalions which the fascists trained and manned with Bandera's and Melnik's warriors? It's no secret today that the "nightingales" (from the German *Nachtigall*) were the first to fly into Lviv to impose Hitler's "New Order." Wearing German uniforms with yellow-blue armbands and tridents on their chests and brandishing German submachine guns, they attacked the civilians of that ancient city like dogs. When the carnage was at its height, Herr Stetsko & Co. dashed off a loyal message to Führer Hitler, thanking him for the "liberation." Three days later, on the night of July 3, the German secret police started a massive manhunt for noted men of science and culture. Strangers to these parts, they had a precise knowledge of the addresses of their victims; they knew all the front and back entrances and even the number of times they were supposed to ring the bell at the gates. Such knowledge would seem suspicious for the uninitiated reader. But the explanation is very simple: the lists of victims were pre-

pared by the OUN who acted as tippers-off. During this night the fascist murderers destroyed many noted scholars and scientists, including Prof. Witold Nowicki, Stanislaw Pilat, Prof. Roman Witkiewicz, Kasper Weigel, Dr. Kazimierz Wetuliani, Prof. Roman Longcham de Beriet, and the famous author and Academician Tadeusz Boy-Zelenski. But this was only a prelude, or rather, a dress rehearsal strictly staged according to a Gestapo script. On August 13 the following year, at 1 : 30 p. m. sharp, a twenty-day "extraordinary operation" was started under the guidance of the Ukrainian (OUN) police commandant's office. Its participants were instructed "to report every two hours on the number of captured and on the use of cartridge clips" in the operation. Thousands of murdered civilians at Yaniv death camp — that was the horrible finale of this "extraordinary operation."

What an abominable and belated lie Yaroslav Stetsko's claim sounds when he writes that "going to Lviv... nowhere did the Ukrainians (OUN) stage pogroms or repay debts of violence. That was never our style!" As to their "style," that is something which many subjugated nations of Europe were already familiar with by that time. The OUN style in no way differed from that of the SS pogromists and murderers. Moreover, the nationalist bandits even tried to outdo their tutors. Here is a statement which crept into the emigre press, apparently at a time when the followers of Bandera and Melnik were entangled in yet another round of bickering for power: "The savagery of the 'revolutionaries' (in this case Bandera's men — V. V.) had no bounds. For two days they carried out executions in the village of Zhidichin,

in Volhynia. As a result, 17 people were impaled within these two days November 25—26, 1943... The agony of the impaled lasted from four p. m. November 25 to eleven a. m. the following day until the 'gracious revolutionaries' recovered their senses and shot the victims who were writhing in pain on the pales."

Counting on the gullible and uninitiated reader, Herr Stetsko resorts to yet another cheap trick. Until this point he had not played his trump card. Choosing at long last the right moment, he cries on the verge of tears: "But how can I and my brethren be accused of cooperating with the Hitlerites when I was in their concentration camp and the Gestapo even destroyed our dignitaries?" Yes, both Bandera and his right-hand man Stetsko were cooped up. But that was a calculated farce. In this way the Hitlerites created for the traitors an aureol of "martyrs," realizing that such fame would make it easier to recruit their trusting and unwary compatriots. Isn't that clear enough? Moreover, we know how the leaders fared under their reliable guards, what *Suppe* (soup — Ger.) they were treated to and how many times they received cigarettes and coffee. In any case, those who saw the "leaders" after their release were bewildered at the sight of their healthy complexions. Those whom the Gestapo really did destroy belonged to quite a different category of nationalists. This needs some explanation. In his book Stetsko mentions an OUN "hero," a certain Klimiv-Legenda, who brought his company from Zolochiv to Lviv right at the outset of the attack on the Soviet Union. Some time after the Germans killed the loyal campaigner. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it is not, and this is why: "Lviv fell into the hands

of the Ukrainian units faster than into those of the German," Stetsko writes. "Even the latter, who on the German army's side entered Lviv (i. e. *Nachtigall* battalion — V. V.) were composed of Ukrainians in German uniforms... by then Ukrainian nationalist units were already operating in Lviv. Actually, the OUN units were engaged in street fighting there, trying to free arrested convicts at a time when the front was at Yavoriv." (p. 449) Note the confession — "engaged in street fighting." That's the real reason why Klimiv-Legenda was in a hurry to enter Lviv. He infiltrated into the city when the battle was being fought on its approaches and when the Soviet troops had already started to retreat. The bandits had to be in the city just at this "no-man's hour" to ply their sanguinary trade. Through the efforts of such mercenaries as Klimiv-Legenda Goebbels' propaganda machine gained "proof" of "Bolshevik terror" and spread the news about it far and wide.

Why the Germans finished off Klimiv-Legenda isn't that hard to guess. The Gestapo methods were rigid in their consistency. They always destroyed undesirable witnesses. What if the drunken mercenary should one day blurt out something which nobody was supposed to know? So a dead witness was better. In this way the fascists killed the builders of Hitler's headquarters near Vinnitsya, the participants in the provocative raid on the radio station at Gleiwitz, and the men of the execution squads. In a word, they were "safeguarding" secrecy. So it's small wonder why a Banderite "hero" got a bullet in his head. Well, Herr Stetsko, as you see, we know what's what. Today the Banderite "Premier" pretends not to

have bowed and scraped before the fascists and not to have known anything about the doings of the OUN bands. That's a familiar song. It sounds very much like the lyrics which the nazi criminals mumbled at the Nuremberg trial.

Fascism's foster son of yesterday is laboriously trying to prove his antipathy toward German fascism and claims to have had a "suspicious attitude toward the Germans." He writes about his "anti-German premonitions": within the OUN there was supposedly a "strong, radical anti-German wing which was led" — of course, you guessed it! — by Herr Stetsko himself. What he's driving at isn't hard to guess. He's trying to shove all the sins of cooperating with the fascists on his opponents in the struggle for the OUN crown — i. e. on Melnik's confederates. You see, Stetsko was orienting himself on the USA already before the war. It wasn't his fault, so to speak, that no agreement was reached then to this effect. In his attempt to curry favor even with the Zionists, Stetsko, without batting an eyelid, lies: "It was the Germans and not the Ukrainians (read: OUN — V. V.) who staged pogroms of Jews in Ukraine." A vain effort indeed. We know too well that the fascists and OUN bands organized pogroms and bloody orgies, of which there are witnesses and evidence galore.

Every man earns his bread the best way he can. For millions it is a reward for honest work and true service to their people. But we have all reasons to note "exceptions" to this general rule, a category which applies to Yaroslav Stetsko for one. He earns his daily bread through treason. Ever since he left his father's home he has never eaten a single crust of honestly earned bread. In his time he worked for

Italian fascists, then he sold his soul to their German counterparts. Right after the Second World War he fled across the Atlantic and offered his experience to the Western intelligence services. If a corresponding situation were to arise, he would serve with equal diligence some Asian emperor or prince on a Pacific island, arguing that this was just the place where the sun rises for Ukraine's benefit. On the whole, though, Stetsko was lucky. "Someone" came across his personal file, recalled and appreciated his experience as a fascist agent, and decided that the "leader" in exile was just the man to be used as an agent provocateur on an international scale. He was appointed president of the so-called Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations (ABN), organized and financed by American intelligence. Herr Stetsko does whatever he can in his new capacity. His "activities" are advertised in every possible way, and he has really come to believe that he is God knows what. The nationalist press follows his every step. Now he lays a wreath on behalf of the Ukrainian people (who never asked him to) at the monument to Charles XII whose troops were routed at Poltava way back in the 18th century; now the President of the ABN Central Committee goes all the way to Australia on a tour as Ukraine's prime minister and leader of the "revolutionary liberation movement," shouting about "the threat of communism" to Australia and to the whole of Oceania for that matter, and urging his listeners to prepare for a "world crusade." As you see, Herr Stetsko is quite a militant personality.

Then all of a sudden this pathetic buffoon pops up in — of all places! — Thailand where he discusses quite seriousy for one and a half

hours current world problems with the secretary general of SEATO. At this meeting he "cleared up" the question about the "necessity of cooperation between NATO, SEATO and CENTO." Soon afterwards his figure like a specter appears on a different horizon — in Taiwan, where he speaks to the officers of USA naval bases. Then he appears in the capitals of Western Europe, meeting with state officials and giving press conferences. In a word, a restless personality. No wonder they say that the dog that trots about finds a bone.

A question of interest: does Herr Stetsko let the people he meets see his hands? Does he let them see his hands palms upward? If he did, anyone with a little knowledge of palmistry would read a horrible past in the palm lines of this murderer. Oh no, Herr Stetsko does not show his hands. He conceals them in white gloves. Everywhere he goes he thrusts forward his visiting card along with his deceitful book, in which he tries to "ennoble" Bandera's creed and present himself as a kind angel.

And finally, the reader might be curious as to why we use "Herr Stetsko" all the time. You see, the fascists called him "Herr," and ever since he's taken a great liking for this so-called "title."

1975

Yaroslav Halan

FOR WHICH THERE EXISTS NO NAME

The fourteen-year-old girl could not look calmly at meat. When someone was about to fry cutlets, she grew pale and trembled like an aspen leaf.

In the dead of night some months ago, a group of armed men burst into her home not far from the town of Sarny, and brutally murdered her parents. Struck with horror, the girl watched the death agony of her father and mother.

One of the bandits put the sharp edge of his knife to the child's throat, but at the last moment he came up with another "idea."

"Go on, live for the glory of Stepan Bandera!" he said. "And so that you won't die of hunger, we'll leave some food for you. Come on, boys, chop up some pork for her!..."

The "boys" liked the idea. They took the pots and pans down from the racks, and in a matter of minutes a heap of meat cut from the bleeding bodies of her father and mother was placed before the girl, who was on the verge of collapse from horror.

This is the point to which these degenerates and bandits who call themselves the Ukrainian nationalists have come — all these followers of Bandera, Bulba and Melnik. Their deeds of the last few years form a continuous chain of wild atrocities, monstrous wantonness and unimaginable ferocity.

In January 1940 a "split" occurred in the OUN. Bandera broke away from Melnik; the Gestapo twins parted. The schism was condi-

tioned by the interests of the twins, as well as by the interests of their mother — Hitler's Germany.

Their roles were assigned in the following way: Melnik was to remain an overt, full-time lackey of Berlin, while Bandera somewhat of an Azef. Hollering about "independence" and a "United Ukraine," this demagogic stool-pigeon endeavored to rally around himself as many cutthroats as possible, who would be ready to form an espionage-subversion unit within Hitler's horde during the first hours of Germany's attack on the Soviet Union.

On June 30, 1941, on the second day of the nazis" incursion into Lviv, Bandera established his "government" for Ukraine. This comedy was succeeded by another one twenty-four hours later: the Gestapo arrested Bandera and his "Prime Minister" Stetsko. The "arrest" notwithstanding, they offered him ample opportunities to go on leading his gang...

Beginning with the autumn of 1941, Bandera's OUN faction was gradually going into the "underground" which, incidentally, was rather expertly organized by the Gestapo stage directors. At any price the invaders had to split the unity of the Ukrainian people and paralyze the growing partisan movement. And they placed their stakes on Bandera's OUN group. Its task was to forestall the anti-German sentiments among the masses and hinder the bitter hatred harbored by the Ukrainians against the German invaders from spilling into an armed struggle for the liberation of Ukraine.

Before long Bandera's henchmen went into action. At the German print shop in Lutsk they started printing — of all things! — anti-German

leaflets, at the same time arming their so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army with brand-new German submachine guns. But neither the leaflets nor the submachine guns did any particular harm to the Germans. A leaflet as such did not cause anyone's death as yet, but the bullets of Bandera's men had the property of flying not in the direction of the German punitive units, but into the bodies of Ukrainian and Polish peasants, their wives, mothers and children, and into the backs of the partisans engaged in avenging the injustices suffered by the Ukrainian and Polish peoples.

All these traitorous activities could not, of course, change and did not change the natural development of events. The Ukrainian people struck this provocation at its core, and through their assistance the Red Army advanced victoriously to the west, freeing more and more Ukrainian territory from the enemy. The Hitlerites and their nationalist hacks, however, were no better off than before.

It might have seemed that this was the end, that lower than these depths the German-Ukrainian nationalist scum would not go. But no! Even when the ultimate defeat of Germany had become but a matter of hours, the Ukrainian agents of Berlin remained true to themselves, and proved to be the most devoted and servile gang of all of Hitler's flunkies in Europe.

True, even today, in the intervals that come between their criminal actions, these professional traitors rant about an "independent" and "United Ukraine," calling themselves an "independent political factor." But the facts show what this "independence" really amounted to. We refer to irrefutable facts corroborated by

the real and sole instigators of the Ukrainian nationalists — the Gestapo lords.

Let documents speak for themselves. Let them seal the doom of what for many years has been labeled with the odious term of "Ukrainian nationalism."

In the early spring of 1944, the Red Army crossed the Zbruch River during its liberation campaign. About the same time the headquarters of the German security police and the SD of *Distrikt Galizien* was visited by Bandera "delegates" who had brought along a declaration to the effect that the representative of the so-called Central Command of the OUN, Herasimovsky, wanted "on behalf of the political and military sector of the OUN" to discuss with the Gestapo the possibility of close cooperation against "Bolshevism" under the conditions at hand.

The Gestapo did not have to be asked twice: on March 5, Herasimovsky met with the representative of the security police and SD, *Kriminalkommissar* Pappe, in Ternopil. As we see, the Gestapo had properly sized up their Bandera counter-agents by sending to the palaver with Herasimovsky a specialist on criminal affairs.

During the meeting Herasimovsky made a statement, in which he said, in part (according to the shorthand report of Herr Pappe's secretary):

"...The Ukrainian people and the Bandera groups clearly understand that they can attain their independence only with the assistance of the greatest nation of Europe (read: nazi Germany — Y. H.)."

The phrase "Ukrainian people" that came from the mouth of the diehard mercenary was,

of course, but a stylistical adornment. Herasimovsky only wanted to emphasize that the fate of the Bandera fraternity, as of all the Ukrainian nationalists, would continue to rest in the hands of the nazis.

"Realizing this, the Ukrainian people (read: the Ukrainian nationalists — Y. H.) have already once stood by the side of the Germans — during the First World War. Later on they sought and found support in Germany, trained for German aims, and finally made their contribution to Germany both in the Polish-German as well as in the German-Soviet wars."

In this respect Herasimovsky was undoubtedly right. The Ukrainian nationalists were true servants of German imperialism during the First World War; later they sought and found support in Berlin, diligently studied to become skilled spies for German aims and had every right to call themselves veterans of the German intelligence service. Apparently, Herr Pappe himself hadn't the slightest doubts about this, and if he patiently listened to the sincere confession of Bandera's champion of "independence," it was only because his long-standing career as a clerk for the criminal police prompted him to do so.

Herasimovsky continued:

"The error that says that the Bandera groups regard Germany as their enemy must be finished with. The Bandera groups state that the Ukrainians (read: the Ukrainian nationalists — Y. H.) would have been content with a state form patterned on a protectorate, but this step toward the independence of the Ukrainians was not effected by Germany; that is why the Bandera groups, bound by an idea (your hear: 'idea!' — Y. H.), are forced, in pursuance of

their political goal to work illegally. Nonetheless, the illegal activities strictly provide not for action against Germany, but for preparations for a decisive struggle against the Russians. This was convincingly borne out by the fact that the Bandera groups started to organize, arm and train their combat units only in February 1943, that is at the time when, as a result of the events on the Eastern front, it had been established that the Germans could not overcome Russia as it had seemed at the beginning of the war."

As we see, Bandera's chain hound, wagging its tail as much as it could, was hitting at the legs of Herr *Kriminalkommissar* Pappe with that tail.

In his adulating frenzy Herasimovsky did not hesitate to refer to his subordinates as criminal elements:

"If in some localities acts of anti-German sabotage did take place, they were never done on the orders of Bandera's group, but were carried out unauthorized by Ukrainians following criminal incitement."

Concluding his statement, Herasimovsky proposed the following:

"a) Bandera's group is to completely and unreservedly consolidate... solidarity with all German interests, such as supply, German construction in the East, and necessary requirements in the military service areas;

"b) OUN's Bandera group places at the disposal of the German contracting party secret-service material collected against Poles, communists and Bolsheviks by its intelligence service, for use in organizing punitive operations."

The nationalist henchmen of the German marauders did not have to wait long for the Ge-

stapo's response. Only a few days later, the representative of the security police and SD of *Distrikt Galizien* forwarded a memo to the *Generalgouvernement Oberführer* and Police Colonel, Bierkamp, which was overflowing with undisguised irony toward the Bandera "contracting party":

"Please inform me immediately on the decision of the RSHA *, as an OUN representative, the would-be minister of foreign affairs of the Ukrainian state, is to visit me soon."

Herasimovsky's second meeting with the Gestapo took place on March 23. In his new statement the OUN representative was no less generous than during his previous visit:

"...the OUN shall hand over to the Germans information of military nature from the regions behind the Soviet front line.

"The OUN shall keep its combat units behind the Soviet front line and disrupt Soviet supply operations, supply bases, munitions centers and depots through active sabotage..."

Preparing for this devious activity, the OUN chieftains assiduously saw to it that their duped adherents would not know the truth. That is why Herasimovsky implored the Gestapo to keep silent:

"The supply of munitions and materiel for sabotage from the German side through the front line to the units of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army must be effected according to the strictest rules of secrecy lest the Bolshevik regime turn up trumps by maintaining that the Ukrainians (read: Ukrainian nationalists —

---

* RSHA — *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* — Reich Central Security Office

Y. H.) who stayed behind the front line, are Germany's allies and her agents."

On March 28 Herasimovsky had a meeting with SS *Obersturmbannführer* Dr. Witisk, commander of the security police and SD of *Distrikt Galizien.* To Witisk's query on the Banderites' attitude toward German mobilization of the Ukrainians, the nationalist blackguard gave the cynical reply:

"The OUN will not place obstacles to this end. Besides, the Ukrainian people have so much manpower (!) that the German occupation authorities can carry out mobilization, after which new enlistments will still be feasible in the UPA, and neither party will stand in the way of the other."

Indeed, neither party stood in the other's way. Both the Germans and the Bandera hirelings contended for first place in exterminating the Ukrainian people. And if they did not succeed in carrying this insane objective to its fruition, it was only because they were hindered in the process...

On April 19, 1944, a meeting of the leaders of the German *Abwehrkommandos* 101, 202 and 303 of Army Group South took place. In his report, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindgart (*Abwehrkommando* 101) complimented the OUN henchmen in quite a remarkable way. Now, just listen to what he said:

"But for the OUN cooperation the activities of my agents would be completely impossible."

Lieutenant-Colonel Seliger (*Abwehrkommando* 202) was even more eloquent:

"Actually I must embrace all the members of the UPA in the territory of Galicia, and after training and equipping them, airdrop them behind the Soviet lines or let them pass

through the breaches in the front. For a long time I have maintained contact with the UPA through its representative Shukhevich and have already been provided with some men for training."

But while the Gestapo was conferring, the Red Army advanced in force, approaching the western frontiers of Ukraine. The German invaders realized that they would not walk the Ukrainian land for any length of time. And again the nationalists stood them in good stead.

On June 15, a representative of the security police, in a memorandum addressed to chief administration No. IV, SS *Sturmbannführer* and Councilor Pommerning, Berlin, wrote the following:

"...On 5.5. '44 adviser N. had a routine meeting with Herasimovsky, at which questions were discussed on transferring S. and F. agents across the front line to the Soviet side, as well as leaving F. agents in the event of German evacuation of a part of Galicia in connection with the military events.

"These talks also serve the interests of the *Sonderkommando Zeppelin* stationed here.

"As regards leaving F. and S. agents for transfer asross the front line, Herasimovsky stated that the UPA maintains the same contact with the army as the security police with OUN's Bandera group.

"For a long time there has been agreement between the German army and the UPA that F. and S. agents from the ranks of the UPA be assigned to the army.

"So the only thing left is to acquaint the security police with the UPA members."

Enough is enough! The circle of infamy has closed, and the contemptible nationalist crea-

tures arrived at the extreme point from which they had started on their wayward path. Gone into the irrevocable past are the hopes of these blackguards for a "great win," gone are their vain dreams of ruling over Ukraine, dreams which evaporated from their heads intoxicated as they were from the blood of their brothers. Their mad, fanatic hatred of the Ukrainian people, which more than twenty years had been lauded in the verse of their poet Malaniuk, has pushed them into the very cesspool into which the German rulers of their bodies and souls have slid. Into the very cesspool in which they were born and in which they learned their trade of murder, treason and provocation.

One might ask: how can people fall so low? This question should be asked of fascist Berlin, of that gigantic bin of social and human trash, of people without honor and without a homeland. Of people who are not even people as such, but something for which there exists no name in any language of this world.

1945

Yuri Melnichuk

BANDIT OTAMAN

Among the nationalists who ply their dirty trade in the West today there is a certain Taras Borovets. In 1941, with the permission of the nazis, he organized an armed band, the *Polissia Sich*, to help the invaders crush Ukraine, and gave himself the name of *Otaman* Taras Bulba In Polissia and Volhynia where the band of murderers held power he left behind

a bloody trail and was condemned with an eternal curse, just like the followers of Bandera and Melnik. Much as Borovets tries to deny today his friendly association with the nazis it won't diminish the crimes he had perpetrated against the Ukrainian people.

"The *Sich* and Taras Bulba are rather romantic and symbolic notions," justly observed the newspaper *Nashe slovo* (Our Word), published in Warsaw. "But in this case they are a shameless perversion of Ukrainian sanctities, because neither the Zaporozhian Sich nor Gogol's Zaporozhian Cossack Taras Bulba had ever served foreign invaders. Yet the OUN's Taras did serve them." This particular Taras did not only serve the German fascists. His service record is more extensive than that.

HOW BOROVETS STOLE... A CHURCH

Before he became a bandit *Otaman*, Taras Borovets was a habitual pilferer — stealing a hen perched on a joist, chocking a piglet in the sty, or sweeping clean some villager's pantry was his speciality. The women passionately wished him to choke on a hen's bone and asked God to make him blind or at least twist the burglar's hands. But the curses did not affect Borovets. Some explained this was because of his membership in a secret sect and his knowledge of special prayers and incantations. Whatever the reason it did not stop the superstitious womenfolk from moaning and crying on discovering the loss in their households the following morning.

"Neighbor, why didn't your cock crow this morning as usual, is he sick by chance?"

"He didn't crow and never will, my dear. I get up in the morning and there's no trace of the cock nor the hens..."

"Who could have done that?"

"Who else but that rascal Borovets. No sooner does that friend appear in the village than people start missing things in the morning."

"Oh, may God get His hands on him!"

But God was not inclined to meddle with the hen thief, and there wasn't a single night when the greedy burglar would not pinch something or other from the village folk. But as the saying goes, a pot oft sent to the well is broken at last. The villagers' patience wore through, and they waylaid Borovets one night and, catching him red-handed, threw a sack over his head and gave him such a beating that he's been an epileptic ever since. And with such a defect you don't go around stealing hens anymore.

For a long time Borovets nursed a grudge against the villagers and decided to settle accounts with them some day.

Shortly afterwards he wormed his way into the rural consumer cooperative system, and instead of encumbering himself with nocturnal burglar raids, he started embezzling public money. The shareholders of the Mochulyansk cooperative, in which Borovets had struck his roots, exposed him as a fraud and embezzler and chased him out of the village.

After his first experience with fraudulent commercial operations, Borovets infiltrated the cooperative in the village of Karpilivka in Rokitno District and very soon steered it into bankruptcy. In this same village he played a trick which earned him fame as a swindler of the highest caliber.

After finding out that the villagers of Karpilivka wanted to build their own church so as not to go to mass in the neighboring village, Borovets offered them his services. A contract was drawn up, stating that the community of Karpilivka entrusted Borovets to work and exploit the local stone quarry at his own discretion, while he was obliged to build a church in Karpilivka.

The quarry was rich in valuable building stone which was in great demand. As a trustee to the contract Borovets took not only money for the stone, but also pay in kind which was collected by the wife of Hrenchuk, a sequestrator, because the sequestrator, by the nature of his trade, was rarely at home. But when Borovet's spouse came to join him, she immediately smelled something fishy in her husband's relationship with Mme. Hrenchuk and deprived her of the opportunity to work with Borovets. She found him a home farther away from the lady, but closer to the quarry and started supervising her husband and his business.

Borovets' business advanced splendidly. The quarry became a beehive of activity, attracting peasants from neighboring villages, who toiled from morn till night to earn a little amount of money to pay their taxes and buy a crust of bread for their hungry children. Money started to flow into Borovets' pocket. The more money he grabbed, the more irked he became with the thought about his obligation to build a church. Borovets figured it out this way: since God is omnipresent, every believer could pray to Him at home, and it was not worth the trouble of building the church. Guided by his desire to simplify the believers' relations with God as much as possible, Borovets decided

against the building of any church in Karpilivka. Over many years the villagers had been depositing their donations in a bank to buy building material, church utensils and the like for the future church. These donations robbed Borovets of his sleep. But eventually all those sleepless nights were generously rewarded. Borovets got hold of a cheque, forged the signature, and as a contractor received from the bank 10,000 in gold for the construction of the church. He collected the money and made himself scarce.

In this way Taras Borovets — born 1906 in the village of Bistrichi in Rovno region, tall of stature, fair-haired, lean, gray eyes, as the Polish police described him in its "wanted" list — stole... a church in 1937 in the village of Karpilivka, Rokitno District. The former hen thief showed what he was good for.

Borovets went to prison several times for burglary, fraud and suspected homicide. In prison he made the acquaintance of thieves and bandits of all colors and hues, as well as with the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, who eagerly accepted him into their midst. Later on Borovets boasted, and occasionally he whines about it even today, that he served time in Polish prisons for "politics," but that is the brazen lie of a misfit.

Below we will show that Borovets-Bulba was far from being a politician. He was rather a plunderer, murderer and traitor.

AN OTAMAN BY THE GRACE OF HITLER

During September 1939, when the Soviet Army crossed the border along the Zbruch River to help the working people of Western

Ukraine free themselves and thwart the attempts of nazi Germany to enslave them, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists fled from our land to God knows where. Some, along with their Polish employers, made for Rumania, and the majority fled into Polish territory occupied by Hitler's troops — the so-called *Generalgouvernement* under Hans Frank's guardianship. Borovets scampered off along this road to Hans.

While Andriy Melnik haunted the threshold of his fascist patrons, seeking menial jobs for his OUN wards, and while, in Cracow, the so-called Ukrainian Central Committee under Kubiyovich was busy registering the nationalist herd, Taras Borovets took to trading. In Cholm he opened his own store trading in books, church utensils and the like, and living off the fat of the land. But the OUN leadership and the German intelligence service did not need Borovets' trading skills; they were interested in his adroitness as a bandit. The job he was offered was rather luring, so Borovets changed his store for a spy school. After a brief course in spying he assiduously fulfilled the assignments of the fascist intelligence as an agent who went by the name of *Stariy* (lit. Old Man) and inflicted quite some damage on the Ukrainian people.

In the summer of 1940 the OUN split into two factions. The German fascists, who were interested in such a schism, held both groups on their leash, keeping a close watch on both of them. Busy with spying, Borovets was late to make his stand and join one of the groups. The Gestapo did not have a grudge against him for that. On the contrary, his German chiefs did everything to provoke in the vainglorious

Borovets envy toward the OUN leaders and rouse his desire to become a leader himself.

Borovets returned to Ukraine in the train of the German fascist invaders. Although he did not have any nazi-armed traitors under his command like Roman Shukhevich, for instance, or take any part in setting up a "government" like Bandera and Stetsko, Borovets was nonetheless boundlessly happy. He had on him precise and far-reaching instructions from his nazi tutors. In his pocket, pressed tightly to his heart, there was a document in German and Ukrainian, empowering him to hold the post of security service commandant of Sarny and Olevsk counties.

On arriving at his place of appointment, Borovets set to work with exceptional zeal. He appointed village elders, bailiffs, policemen, and scrapped together all types of villains around himself. On the nazis' orders he organized an armed band which he pretentiousy called the *Polissia Sich* and dubbed himself *Otaman* Taras Bulba. Volunteers willing to serve in Bula's *Sich* were not that many, so the *Otaman* reinforced his band by mobilizing people by force.

The first "feats" of Bulba's men included the killing of Soviet patriots, hunting down wounded Red Army soldiers, pogroms of Jews, and, naturally enough, pillaging. When the German command set the *Polissia Sich* the mission to destroy a small group of Red Army soldiers pinned down in a marsh, nothing came of it, because fighting unarmed civilians and shooting from behind the corner was one thing, while driving home an attack against armed troops was something quite different. With all his band Bulba could not break the resistance of a handful of Soviet troops and was forced

to ask the Rovno field commandant's office to send in aircraft.

To give his band the appearance of a military unit, Bulba, with the nazis' permission, recruited to his *Sich* former Petlura officers and various nationalist outcasts who were glad to see the Hitlerites crucify Ukraine. V. Smorodsky, a Petlura colonel, was appointed chief of staff of the *Polissia Sich.* He recalled some of his cronies, and in this way the *Sich* was joined by a number of former *sotniks, poruchiks* and *khorunzhys* (Cossack lieutenants, cornets and ensigns — Ukr.). The chief of the department of propaganda at Main Headquarters and Bulba's editor was three characters in one: in the *Polissia* Sich he was called I. Krutous, in Rovno he went by the name of Hoshovsky, and in Zhitomir he was known as Baranivsky.

At this point his list of aliases ends, because in December 1942 some unknown partisan dotted the i's on him with a bullet.

So the *Sich* had their headquarters, a chaplain, and an oath of allegiance to put up with. But the band remained a band, murdering, looting and terrorizing civilians. Villagers in Rovno, Volyn and Zhitomir regions recall with horror and curses Bulba's bandits who robbed the peasants, beat them with ramrods, destroyed their farms and raped women and girls. Bulba-Borovets was hated the most of them all.

IN THE SHADOW OF ERICH KOCH

Bandera, Bulba and Melnik have tried wherever and however they could to dissociate themselves from their former friends and lords — the German fascists. You see, the German-fascist helots are ashamed of their past. Evidently,

traitors also have guilty feelings. These guilts, truth to tell, were more like the tactics of fearful ostriches. But nonetheless it's a hard fact which cannot be overlooked.

On the other hand, this miserable and cunning comedy of dissociation from fascism is intended to stupefy those Ukrainians who have not yet spat upon the bourgeois nationalist fools. This comedy is also intended to gain influence with the masses, which, by the way, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists could not boast about much during their heyday, let alone today during their pre-interment period, so to speak.

If the nationalists deny that they had anything to do with fascism, let them. That won't help them any, because nobody believes them today save fools. Much as they disown their friendship with fascism, the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists profess all of its legacy. Dontsov once said that "what had been brought by fascism... is a vital ideology of modern times" for the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists.

Writing in the Canadian newspaper *Ukraïnsky holos* (Ukrainian Voice), the competent expert in this matter Dr. Pankivsky noted that the "OUN leaders were under the patronage of the German intelligence right from the first days of the occupation of Lviv; they walked in the shadow of Dr. Koch, so to speak. After having fulfilled the objectives of the army they were taken under the wing of the German security bodies." Isn't that clear enough? It surely is and there's no need to lie, because this patronage has been many a time reiterated in Koch's diary, in the official documents of the fascist army, intelligence and police, as well as in numerous utterances, statements and proclamations of the OUN leaders, the nationalist

press and the like. All this is yet another proof that the definition "Ukrainian-German nationalists," which was widely used among the people, was very apt and corresponded to historical truth.

Borovets-Bulba hints today that he and his *Polissia Sich* had nothing to do with the Germans. Wow! That's a brazen lie! Borovets-Bulba, in a letter addressed to Erich Koch, which I saw with my own eyes, wrote: "The *Polissia Sich* has been organized with the permission and under the orders of the German military authorities." This fact is also acknowledged by the *Encyclopedia of Ukrainian Studies* published by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists in Munich and New York. So why put on this comedy?

Once again we want to remind the reader that Borovets arrived in Volhynia in 1941 from under the wing of Erich Koch with a ready-made mandate permitting him to establish the *Polissia Sich.* By then Borovest was well known not only in the Gestapo, where he worked as an agent, but also in the Cracow center of the OUN. It was precisely at this center that he earned himself a brilliant reference as a spy and future *Otaman.* Except patent murderers, who volunteered to serve in Borovets' band? So what did Borovets do? He resorted to terror. The selectee who refused to join the *Sich* was prescribed 30 to 50 lashes with a ramrod. Hence the alternative: either serve in the band, or torture and death.

Borovets-Bulba says that since he did not have anything to do with the nazis, he was at enmity with them. One lie more! Dr. Pitz, SD chief of Volhynia and Podolia, told Bulba in the presence of witnesses, that he, Pitz, wanted to

"communicate" with Bulba a long time ago, knowing "how useful the *Otaman* had been for the Germans" and that *"Otaman* Bulba had never issued orders to spill German blood." For these merits Pitz offered Bulba a job as a SD adviser on counterinsurgency, and promised to attach his men to *Schutzmannschaften* (guard units — Tr.). Bulba also received enthusiastic references from Jorgens, chief of the SD political department, from numerous *Gebietskommissaren* and other highly placed occupation officials. All this was recorded in a special protocol drawn up on the request of Bulba himself, who one day wanted to show off his merits before fascist Germany.

Borovets-Bulba says that his band "defended the Ukrainian populace from German abuse." Yet another lie! On December 15, 1942, for instance, a German punitive expedition encircled the village of Ozirets in Ludvipol District, shot down all its residents and burned the village to the ground. In all, 360 villagers were desroyed, including many old men, women and infants. How did Bulba react to this beastly crime? Simply, just like a fascist would do in such cases: he issued a leaflet urging the people to hunt down and destroy Soviet partisans. And not a single word was mentioned about the fascist murderers. No wonder Pitz acknowledged Bulba's particular merits in never issuing orders to spill German blood, i. e., fighting the German fascist invaders.

The nazis had nothing against Bulba playing an *Otaman*, or appropriating for himself the rank of general-lieutenant and wearing the suit of a Russian provincial governor of czarist times, or designing ludicruous military uniforms for his band (a project which remained on pa-

per), or rampaging like a buffoon. They knew all too well that Bulba was their stooge, who existed and acted in the shadow of Erich Koch.

HOW BULBA FOUGHT THE PARTISANS

Bulba was afraid of the Soviet partisans like of hell itself. He was afraid because they were soldiers, and so he avoided them in open battle. There was yet another thing which always held Bulba in the grip of terror. The thing was that part of the rank and file in his *Polissia Sich* had joined it believing that Bulba would lead them against the German fascist invaders. If they had known that Bulba's "proclamations" and urges to rise against the Germans were nothing but demagoguery concocted well in advance by the nationalists, if they had known that instead of serving their oppressed country, they were being drawn into treason, there would remain nothing of the *Polissia Sich* save for its headquarters and criminal elements. This circumstance forced Bulba to adopt a dual policy: not to annoy the Germans, because that went against his purposes, and not to meddle with the Soviet partisans, because that would expose him as a fascist flunky and Hitler's henchman.

But such a state of things could not go on forever. In the course of the war there emerged two definitely outlined camps: the adherents of fascist Germany, and its enemies. This called for a decisive stand by every man as to which side he was on. Realizing this, Bulba was terribly unnerved and frenziedly looked for a way out. He roused his entire propaganda machine to action, printing slanderous leaflets and articles spreading rumours discrediting the Soviet

partisans and provoking distrust about them. In the meanwhile Bulba clubbed together all the pro-fascist scum that came his way among the Poles and Byelorussians, endeavoring in this way to create such a proportion of forces in his *Sich*, which would allow him to advance on the side of Hitler's Germany.

However, things did not go always as Bulba wanted to and this drove him to despair. There are some interesting facts to this effect in his report to a cyphered addressee, E/1, dated February 15, 1943. In the chapter "Diplomatic Relations" he was forced to admit that his talks with the Poles about concerted efforts met with failure and that "many Poles ran away to the Bolshevik partisans, going over with entire families into the regions occupied by Soviet partisans." The ill-fated *Otaman* also reproached the Byelorussians who "have completely fallen under the influence of the Soviet partisans."

After bemoaning the failure of his schemes to find allies, Bulba made a general summary of the political situation at hand. Apparently he would not have done so if he had known that this document would be made public some day. As it is, his conclusions, which are remarkable for their sincerity of purpose and conviction, have about them the ring of a funeral for the ideals of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism.

"In the East the cause of the Ukrainian independent statehood has a very loose ground," Bulba noted. "We are extensively and actively propagating complete liberation of Ukraine 'only through revolution of the working people.' However, I must admit that personally I do not believe in the success of this revolution. The

working people 'keep course toward the East.' There is only the tiniest possibility of reeducating them through revolution. What's left is only organized power. But where does that power rest? Would it be possible to gain it through German concentration camps, or through an Anglo-American intervention against Russia?"

Besides the rather interesting admission that the people do not want a bourgeois Ukraine and look with hope toward the East, believing that the Soviet Union would help liberate them from the German fascist invaders and their bourgeois-nationalist flunkies, Bulba also displays a beastly hatred of the Ukrainian people. Bulba proposed yet another adventurous plan to consolidate the status of the fascist invaders in Ukraine. He decided "once more to seek possibilities to organize at least some Ukrainian forces in Right-Bank Ukraine on agreement with the Germans in one way or another."

On March 15, 1943, just a month after his report, Bulba, in a letter to Herr Dr. Bayer, *Gebietskommissar* of Rovno, offered his services to German fascism on the most hideous of terms: "The latest successes of the Soviet army... compel us to switch over to effectual support in the struggle against Bolshevism. The only question to be resolved in this case is that of how to arrange this support.

"Taking into account the current military and political situation and the mood of the populace occasioned by the German retreat in Ukraine, I see only one alternative — cooperation based as so far on tacit agreement."

On April 16, 1943, Bulba wrote a personal letter to lieutenant Kovalchuk in Rovno, in which he asked him to contact the Germans

and request that they send him their proposals in written form. On May 17 he "empowered" *sotnik* M. Kovtun, *poruchik* I. Kozel and *khorunzhy* D. Havriliuk "to conduct negotiations with representatives of the German Army." On June 11 he authorized headquarters officer *sotnik* I. Vasilenko and *khorunzhy* S. Olexiuk "to conduct preliminary talks with representatives of the German Army."

Bulba sent a servile petition "To the Government of the German Reich" with the request that his band be "officially independent from anyone, but actually operate in close agreement with the Germans." For this purpose he sent a trusted man every Friday to Bayer for orders and directions for himself and his marauders.

In the emigre press various brokers specializing in corrupting their readers' consciousness are trying to whitewash the treasonous doings of the nationalists, writing all sort of balderdash about the so-called "revolutionary activity" which they had ostensibly devoted themselves to. But for every man with common sense it is clear that they were actually allies of Hitler Germany, which, consequently, made them into blood enemies of the Ukrainian people. The nationalist tattle isn't difficult to refute, because it rests on a rotten foundation.

Let's take, for instance, the "pronouncements" of a certain Rostislav Yendik in his article printed March 31, 1957 in the newspaper *Shlyakh peremohy* (lit. The Road of Victory, although the Road of Treason would be a more proper name for this sheet), which is published in West Germany on American money. In the article he wrote that in Volhynia "at that time" (i. e. during the German fascist occupation of Ukraine — Y. M.) the Ukrainian nation-

alists fought equally (Yendik's emphasis — Y. M.) the nazis and the Bolsheviks, and through their heroic activities brightened those truly black years of violence." In this way Mr. Yendik saddles a lie and jumps up on it through the columns of the so-called Road of Victory, thinking that he's being taken on trust.

The nationalists from the Bandera, Melnik and Bulba tribe helped the fascists in annihilating the Ukrainian population and ruining Ukraine, and never, never did they fight the nazi invaders. Save for some misunderstandings which they had with the Germans about payments for treasonous service, the nationalists lived hand in glove with them. We have a host of documets which expose Hitler's Ukrainian flunkies.

Let's take a close look at the "top-secret" plan of "operations of struggle against the Bolshevik partisans concentrated in the Polissia area within the limits of Bereste-Minsk-Gomel-Zhitomir" elaborated and signed by Taras Bulba-Borovets on March 15, 1943. After finding out that the force of the Soviet partisans in that area had reached 13,000 men, Bulba concluded that the 'liquidation of the aforementioned force calls for at least from two to three equally armed counter-partisans (i. e. Bulba's men — Y. M.) to each partisan."

But for the cowardly Bulba even such a numerical superiority of men and arms seemed insufficient, and so he developed additional "basic principles of the liquidation operation":

"1. The operation of the Ukrainian partisan force is to be conducted under my command on the basis of tacit agreement with the German authorities (Bulba's empha-

sis — Y. M.). The Ukrainian partisan forces is to be 40,000 men.

"2. Officially the German authorities fight one and the other partisan force, but unofficially support the Ukrainian partisans and secretly supply them with materiel.

"3. The jumping-off point of the operation is Pinsk District. At a prearranged railroad station the Ukrainian partisan force marks for seizure a train with materiel designated for it, and thence develops its operation in all directions.

"4. On agreement with the German authorities the Ukrainian partisan force captures a number of urban centers to organize hospitals, supply depots and the like."

Does all this need any additional comment? Unlikely. I think that the Judas-like guile of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists cannot but shock every decent man.

WAFFEN SS — JAGDVERBAND OST

By early August 1944 the Soviet Army liberated all the regions of Western Ukraine. Under its mighty blows Hitler's occupation troops fled to the West, followed by the entire fascist filth of the *Polissia Sich.* Realizing that a bad bush is better than the open field, Bulba also decided to flee with the Germans. In itself the escape can be viewed as his most brilliant military operation. Naturally enough, his "troops" scampered to God knows where.

In October 1944, just when the entire territory of Ukraine was liberated, Bulba-Borovets joined the espionage organization of *Waffen SS — Jagdverband Ost.* It was set up in the latter half of 1944 by the SD and SS to carry

on espionage and subversion in the territories of the Soviet Union and Poland. *Jagdverband Ost* was chiefly manned with troops of the *Brandenburg* special missions division, the troops of the SS, SD, and traitors of Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Tatar and other nationalities.

Heinze Eberhard, SS Major and chief of the Russian *Jadgverband* groups, became Borovets' godfather. Borovets was proposed to drop his "militant" alias Bulba and take a new name. Thus, Taras Borovets, the former *Otaman* Bulba became the spy Kononenko. But his new patrons — Eberhard, Wolfram Heinze, and SS Major Auch, former battalion commander in the *Brandenburg* division, who earned an Iron Cross 1st grade for his beastly reprisals against the people in occupied Ukraine — saw to it that the leadership mania of the Polissia bandit be appeased a little bit at least. He was assigned chief of the *Jagdverband* Ukrainian subgroup manned by 50 nationalists. Against the background of these traitors Borovets stood out as a distinguished personality (by that time he had had a number of spy's aliases: Bulba, Honta, Kononenko, Stariy) who had a long service record as a hireling of Ukraine's enemies. As the saying goes, a man is known by the company he keeps. Now, with whom did Borovets-Kononenko keep company in the *Jagdverband*?

Apart from the SS Majors Auch, Eberhard and Wolfram Heinze, his friends included SS Captain von Werkersam, SS Lieutenants von Müller, von Bremen, and Morgen, a butcher of the Ukrainians and an old crony of Borovets from the times they worked together in the SD of Rovno and Lutsk; then there were the SS officers Gilia and Kirsha, and the traitors

Sukhachov and Reshetnikov, who on the nazis' side fought the Soviet partisans in Leningrad Region. In their midst Borovets-Kononenko gained new inspiration for his murderous trade.

The fascists provided for the spy Kononenko for good reasons. They hoped the mercenary would be grateful for his upkeep. After all, that was quite a logical line of thinking considering that Borovets' betrayal of Ukraine had long become his vocation. The band of saboteurs under his command were trained to be infiltrated into Ukraine to keep the people's blood flowing and to murder them to the pleasure of the nazis.

Maiglöckchen means lily of the valley in German. The name of this gentle fragrant flower symbolizing spring, honesty and sincerity of love was chosen to cover the sanguinary subversive operations which Borovets-Kononenko was to lead. After a training course in the town of Altburgund, Kononenko and his band were to be parachuted in the region of the Pripyat River to start their operation. The fact that it did not materialize was not the fault of either Borovets-Kononenko or his fascist bosses. The rapid and relentless advance of the Soviet Army thwarted the plans of the Hitlerites and led to the final defeat of fascism. The intentions of the *Jagdverband* and Kononenko and his ilk flopped. He was not destined and never will be able to trample the gentle *Maiglöckchen* on Ukrainian soil.

BOROVETS TRADES HIS SOUL

When Hitler and his fascist offspring — the Third Reich — had one foot already in the grave, so to speak, and when the Soviet Army

was crushing the hideous fascist vipers in their own den, the *Waffen SS — Jagdverband Ost* also had to join in the tune for the repose of the dead. The mercenaries and the hangers-on whom they had recruited had to scamper in all directions and hide wherever they could.

The punishing hand of justice was dishing out its due to many of the leaders and associates of the *Jagdverband*, and reaching out for Borovets-Kononenko. But this time as well the murderer was lucky to give justice the slip. On the run from the Soviet Army, Borovets fled to the American gateway where he was imprisoned as a war criminal. But the imprisonment proved not a punishment but a happy event, offering him yet another opportunity to resell his treacherous soul. Borovets was recruited by British Intelligence which haggled him from the Americans.

Strange as it seems, the American intelligence service eventually took an interest in its former adversary. Following an unusual "come-and-you're-welcome" invitation, Borovets went over to American Intelligence with the same facility and readiness as was the case first with the Germans and then with the British. He was even given a privileged status among the American hirelings and became an instructor in special disciplines at an American espionage school in the town of Mittenwald, which trained spies and saboteurs for infiltration into the Soviet Union and the countries of the people's democracies.

By and by the Americans expanded Borovets' field of activity. He was used as an instructor in a number of espionage schools and oranizations and concurrently did so-called political work among the Ukrainian emigres and DPs,

or, to put it more precisely, among people who in their time were fooled by the fascists or forcibly deported to nazi Germany for slave labor. With the assistance of his American patrons Borovets was put in the lead of the UNG — the Ukrainian National Guard which recruited spies and saboteurs to serve American interests.

In early 1951 Borovets, on the assignment of the UNG and, reasonably enough, of American Intelligence, went to France, Britain and Belgium to recruit naive emigres for his UNG. The fact that his lengthy trip was approved by interested American agencies and accorded with the program developed by American Intelligence leaves no room for doubt whatsoever. Otherwise what for and in what event would Allen Dulles meet with Borovets, and for what reason would he waste his time on some ill-fated *Otaman*? Dulles was a practical man, especially in matters of espionage, and his meetings with Borovets could have been only of a businesslike nature.

It's quite easy to guess what Dulles and Borovets discussed — nothing else but the latter's treason against his country. Dulles would not need Borovets for anything else.

At this point it is worthwhile recalling an instruction of the German occupation authorities in Ukraine, which was found in Borovets' archives. It reads like the Ten Commandments, being, as a matter of fact, composed of ten articles. The instruction urges the following:

"1. Schools for the Ukrainians only four-grade (by 1943 even these schools must be closed). 2. Confiscate from the Ukrainians cultural and educational establishments, theaters and cinemas. 3. Allow only the smallest scien-

tific institutions. 4. Do not permit agreement within the church. 5. Do not control tuberculosis and typhus, close the hospitals for the populace. Halt further training of local physicians. 6. The courts should only be German. Every judge a German. 7. Punish hooliganism only when harming the Germans. 8. Spread amorality. Break everything that has a backbone. We want to educate a *Knechtenvolk* (lit. a slave people — Ger.) 10. Priests are to serve against the enemies of Germany."

What else but a similar plan of crime and conspiracy against the Ukrainian people could Dulles discuss with the traitor Borovets-Bulba? For him it was such a casual, such a dear vocation.

Borovets tries to please his American bosses however and whenever he can. No sooner is he winked at than he goes out of his way to be praised by his lords. That's in the character of this turncoat who by all reasoning can be called a hireling of the enemies of the Ukrainian people for all times to come.

The bandit's life runs down a dirty ditch of treason. He will know no gleam of hope, no joy, no peace. And sooner or later a cross will be pushed into the ground over his grave and no one will speak a kind word about him.

1957

Yaroslav Halan

VAMPIRES

Two years ago the last German soldier and the last German policeman were kicked out of our country. One year has passed since Japan's

capitulation marked the finale of this horrible war. The Berlin-Tokyo axis, crushed to pieces, has disappeared in the abyss of the past, while its engineers, who have emerged unhurt in the carnage, are today humbly huddled in the dock.

After the First World War, a book appeared in Germany whose title was eventually to become a household phrase: "the emperor has gone — the generals stayed behind." Applied to our days, it could be paraphrased in the following way: "the fascist generals have gone — the fascist orderlies stayed behind." And it must be said that these orderlies of Hitler, these offspring of the fascist devil, have stayed behind in some number. Europe's criminal chronicle of events convincingly proves this point.

During the past few years armed bands have been emerging from the forests first in one district and then in another of Western Ukraine, leaving in their wake blazing fires and the screams of people who have been murdered on the sly. These sadistic murders would make Octave Mirbeau's frenzied fantasies pale in comparison. Without the slightest hesitation they apply methods of total extermination adopted from Himmler: there is no escape from their knives even for infants.

When the punishing arm of the people deals them a devastating blow, these survivors regroup into small bands and, disguising their true visages as much as possible, continue to ply their bloody trade. At times two or three well-concealed brigands manage to hold a whole village in a grip or terror. An anonymous letter dropped by the threshold of a home, some shots fired through windows in the dead of night, one or two surreptitious murders — all this create an atmosphere of unre-

mitting fright, which weighs heavily on the heart of the peasant, undermining his will to live and to work. This is exactly what the brigands of the night are striving for.

Now, who are they?

After the First World War, there were also bandits in the lands between the rivers Zbruch and San. Then the forest thickets also concealed death and the "knights of the long sword," who prowled the highways. However, there is a great difference between the banditry of those days and that of today; one reason is that the Galician and Volhynian cutthroats of the 1920s were good-natured gentlemen compared with their followers of today. For although the Hitlers have gone, the Banderas stayed behind. Bound body and soul to fascism and its system, they continue to act from force of inertia even after their Mecca, nazi Berlin, has been turned into shambles, and their fathers and patrons from the Gestapo and the German intelligence service have died or found themselves behind prison bars. So far, the Banderas have been lucky enough to give the gallows the slip, and they act, according to all the rules of fascist tactics.

Terror isn't the sole weapon at their disposal. This motley crew of cutthroats and adventurers from the prewar OUN, of exposed Gestapo and German policemen, SS men from the Division "Halychina," mercenaries from the band of the recently hanged Vlasov, deserters run amok in the woods, rural and urban criminals with "hot records," and teenagers demoralized by the German occupation — they all have their Himmlers, and they also have their Goebellses, who are just as deceitful, double-

faced and cynical as their already dead prototypes.

The watchwords "independence" and "United Ukraine" have become part and parcel of their repertoire. The consequences of these Banderite notions of "independence" and a "United Ukraine" had been very well demonstrated during the war years: Bandera never trespassed — and by his nature he could not have done so — beyond the limits of the instruction issued by the All-Germany Gestapo chief Müller. Even as a fictitious inmate of the Sachsenhausen concentration camp he steadily made sure that his bands would not, God fordid, deviate from the path charted by the Gestapo; with this purpose in mind, he met quite frequently with Müller at the camp office, and with his head bowed low, listened to the advice and instructions of the highly ranking guest.

Today Bandera has even less chance of reviewing a parade of his madcaps and marauders on Sophia Square in Kiev, and not only because no one in Ukraine wants his fascist brand in "independence" — Bandera is less concerned about the will of the people than about that of his guardians. That's the way it was and always will be.

The point is that things are going badly now: at every step the absence of Himmler, Müller and Witisk is acutely felt.

What about Britain and America? You guessed it! Hitler's orphaned orderlies would be only too glad to swap the battered swastika for the striped banners of the Anglo-Saxons. That is what they write in their reports (available for a small group of readers): "The arrival of Anglo-American troops in Ukraine would be beneficial for our strategy." However, it's a

long, long way from the hopes of the Banderites to the actual arrival of these troops, and they know it perfectly well. Firstly, because hardly anyone in the world would dare advance against our country and our army; secondly, since the moment the last stronghold of fascism capitulated, the word "war" has become the most loathsome word among broad segments of the population in Britain and in America.

Even the most militant agitators against the "iron curtain" have to reckon with the sentiments of these masses. Willingly or not, the Banderite lords must also reckon with them. Recently their family circle had to verify the sad news that an anti-Soviet war was unforseeable for the next few years at least. Moreover, they were seriously apprehensive of the fact that the workers of the United States of America would paralyze any attempt to employ the atom bomb against the Soviet Union.

These and similar records of meetings of the cutthroats from the Bandera clique show that the bandits can at times soberly appraise the situation at hand. However, this appraisal is intended only for a limited group of consumers. Whenever the bosses of the cutthroats appear before their rank and file, whenever they try to bring their ideas within reach of the masses through their network of agents, you'll hear quite different things, among which the words "third war" are far more frequently heard than the traditional screams for an "independent" and "United Ukraine."

The slogan "Long Live the Third World War!" did not originate in the heads of the Banderites. Like all the other "ideas," it appeared on the banks of the Spree River, in the office of General Stülpnagel, when he realized

that there's but one road leading from Stalingrad — the road to the collapse of the Third Reich. On the second day after the collapse became reality, the "third war" was being advanced by the *Werwolf*, and, following *Werwolf's* example, by the entire German nazi underground movement. The slogan was immediately picked up by the Andersites, Ustashites, Chetniks *, and from there, through the hands of the NSZ **, it found its way into the programs of the Ukrainian nazis.

Who else but professional adventurists entertain the prospect of a new war today? In this respect too the nationalist scourgers aren't likely to hold any illusions whatsoever. The most important thing for them is to instill panic and distrust, to discourage people from engaging in peaceful and productive work, to deprive them of hope for a better tomorrow, to cultivate in them a sense of the flux and instability of present state of affairs. Such a psychological assault, sustained by bloody terror at that, pursues only one goal: to hinder the revival of the country, to halt its economic and cultural development, stopping by all means possible the organic transition of the populace of Ukraine's western regions into the creative reality of Soviet life.

---

* Anders — Polish general commanding the troops subordinated to the Polish government-in-exile. After WW II the Andersites opposed the establishment of a people's democracy in Poland.

Ustashites and Chetniks — Yugoslav fascist units during WW II.

** NSZ — *Narodowe Sily Zbroine* (lit. people's armed forces) — military units of Polish nationalists, which fought against the establishment of a people's democracy in Poland during and immediately after WW II

Such a "program of action" entertained by the Ukrainian nazis is in full accord with the interest of some British and American circles, popularly called financial circles. And this is precisely why some gentlemen of the American SIS and the British intelligence service decided to adopt and maintain the orphaned Ukrainian wards of Himmler.

Of course, the above-mentioned financial circles have no reason to be happy about the situation that has developed to the north and south of the Danube. The illusory independence of a number of countries has been replaced by actual independence, above all by an independence from foreign capital, while the colonial methods of management at the enterprises of Ploesti, Plzen, Dombrov and Zirardow have become but a sad song of the past.

For some, this is difficult, very difficult to accept. Instead, they do everything conceivable and inconceivable to hinder the normalization of political and economic life in those countries which have dared to go their own way, a way corresponding to their vital interests. That is why for some the Polish cutthroats from the NSZ came in very useful.

The Ukrainian nazis were also honored with the attentions of the Anglo-Saxon priests of the golden calf. They received a special assignment. To understand it, it is enough to take a look at the map of Ukraine's western regions. Via Lutsk and Kovel runs the road to Warsaw; via Lviv, to Prague and Budapest. So let the blood of women and children flow on the frontier separating the Soviet Union from the democratic countries liberated by the Red Army, let the fire blaze here if only in this way it will be possible to create at least a slight barrier

between us and the Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians; this is apparently what the interest of the stock exchange speculators of London and New York require...

And the nazis obediently go to it: the Ukrainian on this side of the Sian and Bug rivers, and the Polish on the other. What we see is blissful harmony between the murderers from the NSZ and those of Stepan Bandera. The orders and instructions of Anders are carried out jointly by the two sides.

Some days before the June referendum *, Poland was infiltrated by assassins from the UPA — Korovin, Proryv and Khromenko — in response to a call for help from the NSZ. They began with the destruction of the premises which housed the popular polls commissions. While the NSZ henchmen butchered entire Ukrainian villages beyond the Sian, the Banderites launched real manhunts for those unfortunates who sought refuge in the territory of Soviet Ukraine. Quite recently in Hrubesziw district, four Ukrainian peasants, who by some miracle had escaped the knives of the NSZ, had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of the Banderites. They were heading eastward, and this was enough for all the four of them to die an agonizing death at the hands of the nationalists, who hung them on the crane of a draw well. Thus, by the will of a clique of free and easy businessmen, the Ukrainian and Polish pupils of Himmler are trying with bullets, knives and fire to transform the frontier regions into a desert.

---

* Reference to the referendum held in Poland in June 1946, at which the people unanimously voted for the establishment of a people's democracy in that country

However, this is only one side of the Banderite coin. There is yet another side, obdurately and shamefacedly as the Banderite Mamluks may try to hide it. The fact is that everything the Ukrainian fascists are doing today is done, above all, for the sake of fascist Germany. And everything here means everything: the extermination of the people of the two fraternal Slavic nations, the disorganization of the economy of these countries, and the propagation of beastly chauvinism. Some might say: fascist Germany does not exist any more, she has been driven into the dust. Yes, that's true, but it is also true that "the Hitlers have gone — the Banderas stayed behind."

The gathering of the world's fascists to fascist Germany was not temporary or accidental. It was Germany, and Germany above all, who had all the qualities of becoming the main political and militaristic basis of fascism, the central happy valley of this monstrous international brigandage. Now this Germany is living through dark days. But who can convince the nationalist orderlies that in ten to fifteen years from now she won't become the monster of yesterday?

But they have a precedent, or so they might argue: 1918 and everything that happend afterward. Was it not yesterday's enemies of Germany who then loosened their purse strings to revive her militaristic might, and when the German tiger grew up and growled for human flesh, wasn't it they who allowed the Republic of the Czechs and Slovaks to fall prey to it?

There's a great, a tremendous difference between 1918 and 1945. We all know what the difference is about and so do the fascist orderlies. But they also know that the spirit of

Locarno and the spirit of Munich is still alive, alive and kicking. If today Bandera's adherents are hopefully looking toward London and Washington, this doesn't mean at all that they expect an armed intervention from that direction. The Banderas aren't that naive. The cunning blackguards nurse quite different dreams — that history will repeat itself and that their guardian angel, the German phoenix, will again rise from the ashes to be spoonfed and fondled by the followers of Daterding, Chamberlain, Laval and Daladier.

These dreams are sustained every hour of every day by the policy of the occupation authorities in the western zones of Germany.

We do not exaggerate the danger which the Banderite movement brings for our people and our country. If we devote so much attention to it, it is mainly because the time has come to guarantee the workers of our land security, a quiet life and ample opportunities to build happiness in their own home.

Truth to tell, the struggle against the nazi cutthroats is not that easy, because these disciples of Canaris and Müller have perfected the art of disguise. A consistent and relentless struggle against the Ukrainian vampires of German fascism must be waged by all the people of the western regions. We must sweep clean our woods and homes from nationalist infanticide, we must squash this fruit of Austro-German policy, the permanent and incorrigible agent of those forces hostile to Ukraine — this is an honorable and urgent task for every one of us.

The nationalist vampires have a history all of their own. Before the Bandera chicken was

hatched, the egg was maintained for a long time in the incubator of Hrushevsky and Yefremov, an incubator of misanthropy and banditry. It must be understood that the Banderite movement cannot be conclusively eradicated without making a clean slate of the paltry ideas of Hrushevsky and his followers.

Let us do away with the perpetrators of infanticide, but let us also do away with their creed.

1946

Taras Mihal

YOUNG MINDS BEFUDDLED

SUM is the name of an emigre organization with a shady reputation and purpose. The abbreviation stands for *Spilka ukraïnskoï molodi* — lit. Union of Ukrainian Youth.

A cursory acquaintance with its status, projects or any of its "declarations" shows that the so-called Union cultivates beastly hatred toward the Ukrainian people and the Soviet system they live under. The Union is all the more sinister since it has taken upon itself the role of educating emigre youth in Western Europe and beyond the Atlantic.

Here's what a former SUM member, Vasil Malisevich, says about this organization (in 1957 he was sent on a spying mission into the Ukrainian SSR, after which he wrote an appeal to the emigre youth): "In 1951 I joined SUM in Rochdale, Great Britain. I was also one of the leaders of this chapter. All the youth gatherings, camp holidays and the like, which SUM organized every year, are nothing else but semi-military nationalist demonstrations with an unconcealed anti-Soviet content and only one purpose — to instill hatred toward the Soviet system in Ukraine from childhood onwards."

This view was reiterated by the ill-famed Dobosh who in the guise of a tourist was sent to the Soviet Union on a similar mission:

"On my return to Belgium in 1967 I again found myself among the nationalists as a result of which I joined the Union of Ukrainian Youth. This organization is comprised of nationalistically-minded young people who live in the West. Their aim is to struggle against the Soviet Union and to establish what they call an 'independent Ukraine,' that is a Ukraine without communists and communist power. Actually, the organization is guided by the Foreign Branch of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (ZCh OUN).

"The fact that one of the ZCh OUN leaders, Omelyan Koval, who is an implacable enemy of the Soviet Union, heads the central administration of the SUM can serve as an example of what great importance the ZCh OUN attaches to the activity of the Union. Koval's main concern is to educate young people in an anti-Soviet, nationalistic spirit, inculcating in them the idea of establishing a bourgeois Ukraine, and to organize all his work in the SUM in this vein. Practically speaking, he is also editor of their magazine, every issue of which carries anti-Soviet propaganda. It is Koval who organizes various actions against the Soviet Union in the West."

The whole program of this youth organization is based on the notorious decalogue of the OUN compiled back in the 1920s — 30s. It absorbed the basest and most hideous principles of the philosophies of such ideological "fathers" of fascism as Machiavelli, Fichte, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and the Ukrainian diehard of nationalism Dontsov.

SUM emanated from the youth organization *Plast* which functioned in Western Ukraine before the war. However much the Polish

bourgeois authorities tolerated the escapades of the Ukrainian nationalists (after all, the primary objective of *Plast* was to train "brave" soldiers for a war against the Soviet Union), they could not tolerate this youth organization for any length of time. *Plast* was disbanded and outlawed. After the war it was revived by the nationalists who fled abroad, and soon it gave birth to its younger brother — SUM.

The youngest child in a family is always a parents' pet, especially when the parents are advanced in years and cannot hope of any additional offspring. The ZCh OUN cared so much for their SUM baby that they were reluctant to part with it even after the baby had outgrown its drawers and started sporting a hippie beard. SUM built its nest under the OUN wing in the same building in Munich's 67 Zeppelinstrasse, which houses "daddy" Zch OUN and the kind "uncle" ABN.

SUM's first "ideological" tutor, so to speak, and its heedful leader was Prof. Zaluzhny who, crossing the corridor and without even changing his eye glasses entered the offices of the OUN as Prof. Lenkavsky. After Bandera's infamous end, Lenkavsky became the leader of the ZCh OUN. Eventually, in the wake of a coup staged by Stetsko's faction, he was forced to leave his cushy job and retire from public life with his mistress Frau Gertrude Meintner.

In the meantime SUM was growing into a strapping lad. He swung one leg into Austria, another one into Belgium, reaching out with his hand into Britain, and after exerting himself he went and leaped across the ocean right onto three continents: North and South America and Australia.

Since then SUM has become so puffed up with pride that it calls itself the World Union of Ukrainian Youth. It even elected a President, a certain Kalinnik, and organized regional committees in every imaginable place where handfuls of the nationalist mercenaries' children rallied under its manifestly militant yellow-blue colors. Then it drew up a statute and sent appeals to the governments of the Western countries to help finance the children's homes and youth camps.

So among the piebald emigre beggars there appeared yet another rival who started to demand fastidiously: "Donate, donate to our flowering youth. Donate dollars, marks, francs, any currency you can. Our children, our flower of the nation will accept everything. Donate, donate. *Bis dat qui cito dat* — he gives twice who gives without hesitation. Donate, allocate, the youth is our future!"

In this way a good round sum was extortioned from the emigres. Some Western European and American benefactors also chipped in, and in no time the SUM's President Kalinnik became the owner of a car and a cottage.

A year or two passed and SUM outpointed its older brother *Plast* in mastering the wicked nationalist trade.

These efforts were duly appreciated by the fathers from the ZCh OUN. Stepan Bandera, Stepan Lenkavsky and their handymen transferred their talented progeny from the *Plast* to SUM. The child was followed by a throng of "leaders" of lower rank. SUM and its guardians rejoiced over their success, and *Plast* bit the dust.

But the fathers from the ZCh OUN came less and less to like Kalinnik's "independence",

so Stepan I and Stepan II decided to call the SUM President to order, i. e. to take away from him the money he had begged and put it into their own pockets.

By that time Kalinnik had come to feel his power and the worth of money.

"You, my leader friend," he hissed at Bandera, "can go on leading the older generations to your heart's content. But don't you touch the younger ones. It's me who'll be leading them."

The brawl in Munich, so they say, even led to diplomatic manoeuvering and, of course, to blows. In the end Stepan prevailed. After all, what was Kalinnik? He hadn't even been on comradely terms with the German fascists. He was an outsider. At the next SUM congress Kalinnik was dismissed from his post with acclamations, and Koval, a loyal handyman of Bandera, was elected the new President.

Below we list the points on the agenda of a plenary meeting of the SUM central administration. Although the meeting took place ten years ago, it nonetheless explicitly shows the whole program of "educational work" of this organization. Here are the reports made at the meeting:

"Religious education at SUM," speaker — SUM chaplain general, Father Chancelor Levenets (formerly field chaplain of the notorious SS Division "Halychina.")

Then the chairman of the central educational council of SUM bombastically spoke on "The Problem of Man, his Behavior and Vocation as Principles of Educational Efforts from the Viewpoint of Ukrainian Nationalism." The next speakers were Koval and Dr. Stebelsky. Then came another two reports "Program of Training Instructors" and "Proper Camping."

Here is what a former OUN member Stepan Dzhuhalo says about these camping problems. He had spent a long time abroad with the OUN, and had had the opportunity personally to inspect the SUM camps:

"The most representative and best equipped youth camps in the 1960s were in Schongau, Austria, and in the suburbs of Stuttgart. They were run according to a strictly military routine. The youngest OUN members learned the habits of camp life, studied the fundamentals of the SUM program and took exams. The advanced groups were made to carry on ideological indoctrination of the younger minds, educating in them a feeling of hatred against Soviet Ukraine, the entire Soviet Union, and the ideas of socialism and internationalism.

"The instructors perverted the history of Ukraine in such a way so as to quickly as possible stupefy the minds of the youth with a nationalist mentality of undisguised hatred of communist ideals and Soviet power."

Eventually the SUM became a regional liason department within the ZCh OUN, and it was just this department which started sending spies to Soviet Ukraine.

From year to year Omelyan Koval raised the membership age in the SUM. In Kalinnik's days the membership age was up to 21 years. At first Koval raised it to 25, then to 30, and now it's even higher than that.

The core of the SUM is, consequently, comprised of over-mature bullies who shape its style, content and form. From their midst leaders and instructors are recruited, and, incidentally, seducers of young SUM female members too.

Recalls Stepan Dzhuhalo: "The 'commander-in-chief' of the ZCh OUN Austria, Osip Tyushka, confided to me at a moment of truth that he would never again send his daughter to a SUM camp even if he were to be stripped of his office. I realized at once what he had in mind. I was frequently a witness of the orgies which the high-ranking officials of the SUM leadership held at those camps, in particular the reveller and womanizer Lennik, the former chief of the ZCh OUN in the Federal Republic of Germany. Later on many girls bitterly wept over their stay in the SUM holiday camps."

And here is yet another confession of Omelyan Koval's confederate, Fedir Bidnyak, who left the "free world" not so long ago and returned to his homeland:

"Among the educators at the camps there were such Bandera bosses as Vitoshinsky, Kashuba, Popovich. Kashuba and Vitoshinsky told me a number of times what their 'educational work' implied. At the end of every season they boasted about how many young girls they managed to seduce through deceit, threats and bribes during their stay at the camp. Later they spent a lot of effort getting these girls married to someone."

The ZCh OUN appointed Stepan Kostyuk to supervise the SUM within the regional liason department designated with the cryptic K-3. Kostyuk, a member of the central leadership of the ZCh OUN, was a longtime agent in the UPA security service under the sadist Lebid and later an agent of the Italian and West German intelligence services. Kostyuk did not seduce his young femal charges. Oh no, he wasn't that sort. What he did was constantly maim and destroy the young souls, robbing

them of their inborn human qualities and converting them into spies and agents provocateur. We're not inclined to believe that it was he alone who invented the 32 methods of killing a man without using any fire or side arms. But we know for sure that it was he who introduced these methods as an obligatory subject in all the summer camps of the SUM, apart from such "peaceful sports" as moving on an azimuth, collecting intelligence info, two-way radio contact, cyphering and cryptography. Those who fell into the trap of the trained OUN-bullies were forced to yield to their demands or pay with their lives.

This has been going on for more than twenty-five years now. Some SUM camps operate the whole year round. Most of its trainees are than passed on (or, rather, sold out) to various Western intelligence agencies. The transaction follows an old nationalist rule — sell to the best bidder.

"Understandably, the traders in live commodities gain a pretty profit from each unit sold, so to speak," Fedir Bidnyak recalls. "That is why there is murderous competition between the Banderite chiefs for influence among the youth, so as to recruit the largest number of those who would be willing to acquire a spy's trade." The largest share in this lucrative business is, of course, held by Omelyan Koval who has a long record service of cooperating with the BND (*Bundesnachrichtendienst* — FRG Intelligence Service)."

The more money the nationalists get the happier they are shifting for their bosses. And they don't care whether they drive people to crime and, frequently, to death.

Let us recall some facts:

1950s. The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists had settled down throughout the capitalist world. Still hoping for an imminent conflict between the Western powers and the Soviet Union, they seriously prepared for a "campaign" on Ukraine. They befuddled their bosses from the foreign intelligence agencies with "trustworthy" information about the tremendous successes of the nationalist underground in Soviet Ukraine and about the existence of a 50,000-strong UPA army which had encamped in the Carpathians and was just waiting for a signal to start a nationwide insurrection. Not only the SUM but many Western European espionage schools as well were training young emigres in spying and sabotage.

One after another groups of three saboteurs each were sent to Austria. They were given the blessings of Bandera himself, along with Stetsko and the leaders of the SUM. Some of those doomed agents managed to cross the Czechoslovakian and Polish borders, and only a "lucky" few managed to infiltrate the Soviet Union. Today the quotes accompanying the word lucky can be already dropped, because fate was really kind to them. At the outset they were convinced that they would revive an "independent" Ukraine with the help of the people who were supposedly waiting for them with open arms. Their first encounters with Soviet reality made them realize at once how sadly mistaken they were and how disgracefully they had been fooled by the OUN and SUM leaders.

On seeing that there wasn't a hint of an underground movement in Ukraine and that there wasn't a trace of the criminal UPA, and realizing at long last that all the Ukrainian people had rallied round the Communist Party

in reviving Western Ukraine and advancing its industry, agriculture, science and culture, the sorry saboteurs made a sharp turnabout. They either gave themselves up to the Soviet authorities or were escorted there by the Carpathian shepherds or the first "compatriot" they came across.

I'll name just two former SUM members whom fate treated kindly — Yulian Mahur from Drohobich Region and Vasil Malisevich from Striy Region. The former was infiltrated into Ukraine in 1953, the latter four years later.

"I was sold to the British intelligence in the full sense of the word," said Mahur.

"Bandera in person instructed me to contact the OUN underground which allegedly operated in Ukraine.

"The mission we were assigned by Rochester (an instructor at the British espionage school — T. M.) was to collect info on the location of military units, airports, bridges, factories, plants and everything created by the Ukrainian people, which was to be reduced into ruin and rubble in case of a war. Besides that, I was to choose places for recruting new spies."

After only a few days in his country Mahur began to see things more clearly: "I saw a Ukraine which the Ukrainian people have been dreaming about for centuries." Instead of collecting intelligence info, he gave himself up along with all his spying gear. Today he works as a teacher.

At the beginning of this pamphlet we have mentioned Malisevich. Here are some passages from his "Appeal":

"Just as before the Ukrainian emigrants as a whole are really convinced that the SUM and SUB (*Soyuz ukraïntsiv Britaniï* — Union of

British Ukrainians, one of the most active groups within the ZCh OUN — T. M.) are apolitical organizations concerned mostly with cultural, educational, youth and sports activities. Nothing of the kind. These unions are under the direct influence and control of the regional administration of the OUN in Britain, which, in turn, is subordinated to the ZCh OUN under Stepan Bandera."

Upon arrival in his native land Malisevich was quickly ushered to the authorities by a "compatriot," a fact which gained him a vital advantage. He, like some other spies, was not prosecuted by the law. Soviet power was humane: the fooled spies were pardoned their treason and illegal border crossings. Today they live in Ukraine and enjoy all the rights and freedoms of Soviet citizens.

But how many spies, sold out to foreign intelligence services by the SUM and OUN, did not get to our country and died at its frontiers? The senseless young victims will always be on the conscience of the nationalist leaders.

Again the 1950s. In June 1950 war broke out in Korea. The next month the UN Security Council adopted a decision recommending the UN member-countries to provide military help to the aggressor. On September 15—16, a 50,000-strong American-British task force landed at Inchon. The nationalists of all stripes and hues rejoiced. Both the OUN and SUM sent heaps of telegrams, memos and requests to the UN, the USA Government and South Korea, proposing to organize a "Ukrainian" legion for the struggle against the communists. "Ukraine is a UN member, so we must hurry to the assistance!" hollered the nationalist maniacs.

The main campaigner and "founder" of the new legion was Yaroslav Deremenda, head of the SUM regional branch in Great Britain. His efforts were to add yet another "bright" page to the chronicle of the independent and apolitical youth sports organization.

The wild claims of the nationalists to represent their idea of a Ukraine in the UN was heartily laughed at even by their reactionary Western bosses, although they had nothing against the organization of the "legion." Very soon, though, on June 27, 1953, the thrashed aggressors were forced to sign an armistice, and the "Ukrainian military units" were not destined to be born into this world.

"Wait for better times," the bosses comforted the would-be warriors. "Surely, you'll come in handy some day."

They did come in handy, and more than once.

1956. Reactionary groups in Hungary started an anti-government uprising which the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists immediately supported. They sent 150 of their most experienced hands under Ivan Kashuba, chief of the ZCh OUN security service, and his assistant Stepan Mudrik (later head of the SUM educational council) across the Austrian border into Hungary. Armed to the teeth by a number of Western European intelligence agencies, the nationalist "legion" was to take a direct part in skirmishes, ruthlessly destroying communists and all adherents of socialism, spreading hostile propaganda and panic among the populace, and, after the suppression of all left forces within Hungary, cross the border into Ukraine and start a new inquisition in the Carpathians.

They really had a go at butchering, burning and destroying. But they did not make it to the Carpathian foothills. Moreover, many of the "legionaries" never returned to their bases, being left mouldering in the Hungarian soil.

Early 1960s. In international relations a thaw set in. The ideas of peaceful coexistence of countries with different social systems, advanced by the Soviet Government, was gaining an ever growing number of supporters. The first tourist trips of Ukrainian emigrants to Soviet Ukraine took place; Soviet tourists and delegations met with their compatriots abroad; cultural exchange was established; and all the Americas — North and South — enthusiastically applauded the performers of the Ukrainian Dance Company under Pavlo Virsky.

The young Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian descent (including some SUM members), who had never seen the land of their fathers, were overwhelmed at the sight of Ukraine's landscapes, people, and her tremendous achievements in all fields of economic and cultural development.

After a tour of Ukraine, the Canadian Ukrainian A. Figus wrote in the Toronto-based *Vilne slovo* (Free Word):

"Ukraine is worthy of being seen, experienced and remembered by those who do not want to be assimilated in the foreign sea. Not even the best methods of national education will ever replace live 'contact' with the land which for thousands of years has been inhabited by our forefathers who left in it everything they had contributed to its culture."

Here is another account by a young SUM girl from New York:

"I stood by the monument to Taras Shevchenko looking on the Dnieper, and the sight excited me to the bottom of my heart, filling my eyes with tears. I had the sensation that I was lifted up into the air, that I was in Paradise. And then I almost shouted with joy, 'Ukraine, my dear Ukraine!' "

These enthusiastic responses to the scenery and achievements of Soviet Ukraine were not exactly to the liking of the SUM leaders nor the OUN bosses. In the spring of 1964 the central administration of SUM "vetoed" all tourist trips to the Soviet Union by its members and embarked on an old and tested "influence" campaign among the youth — repressions, provocations, threats and blackmail. A communique of a plenary meeting of the SUM Central Committee bluntly stated its point:

"The Plenum took a stand against the hostile attempts to draw Ukrainian student youth into the sphere of contacts and Sovietophile propaganda, condemning a number of incidents which recently have taken place."

Eventually, after a year or two, the OUN and SUM changed their policy as to the youth trips to Ukraine. In a number of cases they even encouraged such trips. But the tourist was to be a spy and perform special missions. The nationalists' attitude to cultural exchange remained unchanged.

"Let's boycott all and everyone!" they hollered everywhere they could. "We don't want any *bandura* players nor dancers from Ukraine... They all are communist agitators and agents!"

1966. During the Ukrainian Dance Company's North American tour, OUN and SUM rowdies set a van with the company's costumes

on fire. The nationalists rejoiced at having disrupted the concert tour. But the company's scheduled appearances did take place. New costumes and stage props were quickly delivered by plane from Kiev.

1967. In Canada the nationalists under Koval's servant, Dr. Huta, were closely shadowing a group of Soviet Ukrainian performers who arrived in Montreal to take part in the Expo-67 events. One of its highlights was a wonderful concert staged on Ukrainian SSR Day. The "Doctor's" band was to burn down the bus in which the performers toured Canada. But this time nothing came out of it. In all probability such a blunder did not earn the "Doctor" or his rowdies a hearty pat on the back. They swore to do better next time. During the celebrations of the 50th anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution they surrounded the USSR Embassy in Ottawa and staged their own "concert" of wild shouts and crazy howling.

1968. In Great Britain that year the confederates of the already introduced Yaroslav Deremenda made an attempt to outdo their New World colleagues. A drum-beating and pipe-whistling gang set out from a SUM camp and made for the building of the USSR diplomatic mission in London. Indigenous Londoners said that they had never seen such a savage tribe in their whole life.

That same year the SUM activists in the USA, green with envy at the doings of their counterparts in Canada and Britain, decided to show their mettle. Taking advantage of the fact that the Ukrainian Sports Club in New York expressed the wish to play against the

Kiev "Dynamo" soccer team, which had been invited to the USA by their Californian colleagues, the nationalists went into the attack against their own number (the USC has many SUM members within its ranks).

The decision triggered off a hue and cry in the SUM and the UCCA (Ukrainian Congress Committee of America), as well as in the nationalist press. Kiev "'Dynamo" was up against some tough times on the soccer field.

But the Kiev team did not lose a single game in the USA. It raised high the colors of Soviet Ukrainian sport and carried them triumphantly through the entire continent. American fans were enthusiastic about the remarkable skill and sporting tact of our players, and the games received favorable coverage in the major newspapers in Philadelphia and New York. Only the "Ukrainian" newspaper *Amerika* was of a different opinion: the visiting team which came "from Ukraine to the USA is one of the links in Moscow's subversive activity within our midst."

1970-1973. These years were noted for the animation in the SUM espionage activities. Of course, the procedures and methods were different from those of yesterday. The nationalist leaders had a tough time finding in broad daylight emigre youth foolish enough to cross the Soviet border illegally with pistols, grenades and poison on them. Such fools had disappeared. Now the spies came to our country "legally," with flowers and a visa in their pockets, just like respectable tourists should be. Also, with dollars, expensive presents, and a ready tongue skilled in lying and slander. At times someone or other ran the risk and hid in his luggage

pornographic pictures and a book, say, Dmitro Doroshenko's *History of Ukraine*; if pulled up, the SUM boy could say that he hadn't the time to read in college and had taken it along with him to read in his spare time. Oh come on, you should know how it is with students.

Yes, we know. But we also know how to distinguish honest tourists, who really want to see and become acquainted with the land of their forefathers, from those who come to Ukraine on special missions.

Here are some facts only — names, missions, and sad outcomes.

The sister-tourists Zoryana and Vira Hritsenko, who managed to bring illegally into our country a batch of anti-Soviet literature, tried to distribute it among their acquaintances and at times gave it to the first passers-by they met. They even had the nerve to shove it on one of the oldest and most esteemed artists of Ternopil. Such tourist activities could not be tolerated, and the two popularizers of nationalism were expelled from our country.

A similar fate befell a group of slanderers who came to Ukraine in a little *Volkswagen* bus to "read lectures" — to anyone — about the "restricted and miserly life" of the Soviet nations and the genuine "paradise of freedom" in the West. This peculiar "university on wheels" was headed by a treasurer from the SUM central administration in Canada, Mr. Albert Kachkovsky, a lecturer at the Petro Mohila "Academy" in Saskatoon; the role of "professors" and "instructors" were performed by his spouse Olga, editor of the nationalist magazine *Tema* (lit. Theme, of a kind which isn't difficult to guess — T. M.), and his friends at card-playing ("We didn't do anything else but play cards,"

the slanderers pleaded ignorance when caught red-handed); physician Dmitro Tsipivnik and magistrates clerk Stephen Franko, both of them, like respectable tourists, accompanied by their wives. Oh yes, they played cards all right, but dealing in a very risky game which landed them in trouble.

Three *Plast* members — Boris Hubinsky, George Lutskiv and Elizabeth Severenko — spent six days in Ukraine. On the seventh day this "honest" company of "university students" was asked to leave our country.

"They disgraced our whole group," said Anton Mostovy, 72, who represented the older emigration. "We cannot but censure their behavior."

The "behavior" in question followed the usual pattern: provoking Soviet people, vilifying socialism, and seeking out any possible faults to prove their point.

Later on, SUM member Bohdan Levitsky, a subject of the Queen of Great Britain, paid a call to Ukraine, followed by Dobosh, and then by Horbach who made an espionage "tour" of Kiev and Lviv.

Although their main efforts were on organizing a spy network, SUM and its guardians did not forget other fields of activity. Following the moving "fraternization" with their former enemies, the Zionists, the OUN and SUM became engaged in even louder and more frequent acts of hooliganism in front of Soviet embassies and missions, and disrupted the concerts of Ukrainian performers.

They displayed their skill with exceptional "gusto" in the Belgian city of Liége where a ten-day festival of Soviet culture was held in the spring of 1971. On Ukraine Day the SUM

rowdies decided to stage a peculiar "concert" in honor of their chief Omelyan Koval who lives in Belgium and combines his job of chairman of the SUM central administration with that of regional leader of the ZCh OUN. To this day the performers of the amateur ensemble "Friendship" from Lviv, who captured the Belgian audience with their artistic skill, recall with disgust the wicked and detestable shouts which Koval's gang hollered.

"I was on the verge of tears on hearing that these bandits also call themselves Ukrainians," said the ensemble's soloist Natalia Chervinska.

Really, what right do they have to misuse the word Ukrainian? They cannot claim that they have anything in common with Ukraine or the life of her people, their thoughts and aspirations. They should take a closer look at themselves to see who they really are.

A Ukrainian nationalist professor at Edmonton University processed a questionnaire which he made in 1968. The results are rather telling. Of the questioned students of Ukrainian descent, 53 percent called themselves Canadians, 40 percent Canadian Ukrainians, 3 percent Ukrainian Canadians, and only 4 percent Ukrainians. Over 20 percent of the students proved to be atheists — and that at a time when the Greek-Catholic Church under the arrogant oldster Cardinal Slipiy does everything it can to hold the youth in its prehensile hands and thrusts on them its will and laws. A year later another researcher into the problems of emigre youth stated frankly, that a considerable part of the young people are keen on Marxism, and some boys and girls join leftist and anarchist organizations which have mushroomed in the USA

and Canada today. The real underlying reason is that the young find in hard to live and breathe in the stifling nationalist ghetto and within the restrictive confines of the SUM, ZCh OUN and *Plast.* They suffocate in the poisonous fumes of the times of the "cold war," straining at the leash to break loose and run away to freedom, to some fresh air, to any place, if only it be a different world. With every year membership in the SUM and in other nationalist youth organizations and societies is dropping, just like the value of the nationalist ideas and the power of the King of the entire capitalist world — the dollar.

Today SUM really has something to worry about.

During the past few years world events have led to relaxation of international tension, gone is the "cold war" which reactionary Western quarters waged against the Soviet Union and the countries of the socialist community. Thanks to the policy of peace pursued by the socialist nations and the USSR Communist Party under its General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, a thaw has swept across Europe and other continents for the first time since 1946 when Churchill made his "cold war" speech at Fulton.

The warm spell in international relations is joyously greeted everywhere, especially by the youth of all five continents. This was splendidly proved by two grand youth forums which took place in the summer of 1973 (the 10th World Youth Festival in Berlin, GDR, and the 1973 University Games in Moscow. They demonstrated with new force the aspirations of world youth for progress and peace. In the "Appeal to the Youth of the World" representatives of 140 countries unanimously declared their resolve

to take an active part in the struggle against hotbeds of war and tension and thwart all attempts of reactionary and aggressive forces to revive the spirit of "cold war."

Of course, you won't find the "heroes" of our story among those who signed the Appeal, because SUM has remained on its old, conservative "cold war" positions.

1974

Yuri Smolich

SKVU AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR

SKVU is the abbreviation for *Svitovy kongress vilnykh ukraïntsiv* — World Congress of Free Ukrainians.

That's how a pathetic mob of Ukrainian nationalist emigres calls itself. This so-called congress is to be held in Toronto, Canada. It is the second in the series; the first one was convened in New York six years before.

The Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists were kicked out of their country by the Ukrainian people. In exile, as the nationalists love to put it today, their new parties immediately started popping up like blisters after a scald. All of these parties have one aim — to fight Ukraine, because it is Soviet and socialist.

To cut a long story short, these nationalist "parties" never represented the true interests of the Ukrainian people, neither in times of success nor in times of calamity. Neither when the Ukrainians were fighting for their social and national liberation, nor when they trans-

formed their life to socialist lines, nor when they defended their gains from imperialist invaders and from the disastrous fascist onslaught. The nationalists were always against the people, always in the ranks of those who oppressed and destroyed them, plundered their country and its hard-earned fruits.

So, you might ask what right do they have to represent Ukraine in the world today, because only those who are with their people — in times of success and calamity — have the right to do so.

You see, in no sense have they "gained" this "right." It was simply shoved on them by those who condone the struggle against socialism and communism and the Soviet Union in the first place.

The nationalists have proved time and time again that they are good for all purposes in this struggle: as gun fodder in the event of a "hot war," or as agents of provocation and subversion in the event of a "cold war."

So it is small wonder that all these nationalist groups, however small they may be, are supported by reactionary forces. The only trouble (for the reactionary forces, of course) is that the leaders of these groups are squabbling all the time to get an extra morsel from the trough which the reactionaries keep filling up for them all. The convocation of the SKVU was yet another attempt to consolidate this bickering mob.

To tone down somehow the fractured relations within their midst and to bring under the influence of the nationalist organizations a greater number of Ukrainian emigrants who are not too keen to congregate under the nationalist colors, the planners of the SKVU planned to include in its statute a "super-democratic"

palliative: the SKVU secretariat, i. e. its executive body, is to be re-elected every two years, and its headquarters is to be changed every two years as well — either in America, or in Europe. At first the SKVU secretariat had its headquarters in Canada, then in the USA, and lastly in Great Britain.

The last two-year president of the secretariat was Antin Melnik. Now don't confuse him with Andriy Melnik who was the leader of the nationalist faction bearing his name. Incidentally, Andriy Melnik dreamed of such an association as the SKVU, and its present name is attributed to him. Furthermore, Antin Melnik isn't the son of Andriy, and, as a matter of fact, he's not even a member of the Melnik faction, but that of Bandera.

Now what has the SKVU secretariat been doing between the first and the second congress?

Naturally enough, it wanted to command all the Ukrainian organizations, and also the Ukrainian emigrants in general. Unfortunately, this was an impossible dream, because of the feuds between the factions and its leaders. It was also impossible because, according to its statute, political parties f o r m a l l y do not send their delegates to the SKVU; their representatives only act on behalf of organizations with public status. That is why the secretariat chose the following tactic: all its "orders," "circular letters" and "instructions" are sent to nationalist organizations in the form of "propositions" only. There's yet another "super-democratic" portion of dope for you!

The SKVU secretariat is trying to take part in the anti-Soviet activities of every possible nationalist organization, because otherwise its

incompetence and indolence would become obvious — and this would put an end to receiving any more handouts. On closer inspection, though, some of the nationalists' doings can be traced to the SKVU.

The most explicit example might be the slanderous broadcasts on Radio Liberty, which go as far as to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations.

Anti-Soviet propaganda is also spread in other ways: the nationalists do not only try to bring anti-Soviet literature into the USSR or force it on Soviet tourists abroad, but they also stealthily drop anti-Soviet leaflets in the congress halls of the USA or Canada, and even in the building of the United Nations.

SKVU is also responsible for staging anti-Soviet demonstrations with scores of hooligans who turn up at the USSR mission at the UN, or in New York, Washington, Ottawa, Toronto, and other cities of the USA and Canada, as well as in South America, Australia and Europe (above all, Great Britain).

These demonstrations — provided the handful of hooligans can be brought together for the occasion — usually coincide with some nationalist anniversary.

There's one more interesting detail: in their anti-Soviet drive the SKVU secretariat, just like all the other nationalist associations, eagerly cooperates with their arch-enemies, say, with the Russian counterrevolutionaries. In this way anti-Sovietism becomes a unifying factor for the Ukrainian nationalists and the Russian chauvinists.

And yet another detail of interest: in their anti-Soviet activities the nationalists are in league with the Zionists.

The end, as you see, justifies the means, namely, the consolidation of all political and unpolitical Ukrainian emigre organizations against communism, against any socialist reforms, and the intensification of anti-Sovietism and opposition to the USSR.

But how was the public at large to be informed about the aim of the convocation of the second congress, which was supposedly to change completely the status of this nationalist creature? How was this aim to be presented to the Ukrainian emigre community, which did not respond to the first congress and stood aloof from the bustling of the nationalist groups, and which the nationalist leaders would like so much to draw into their orbit of influence?

For this end the SKVU organizers launched a "discussion" in the emigre press (primarily in the religious and trade-union) on what the congress would be like and what its executive body was to do in the future.

In this discussion the position of the nationalist functionaries were unequivocal: they stood for active "politicizing" within the SKVU which, as they put it, "has to express the claims of the nationalists to statehood and become a coordinating center of anti-Soviet activity."

Moreover, they appealed to other nationalist organizations to convene similar congresses with the prospect of uniting them all against the USSR.

Of all the speakers I was especially impressed by a certain Kabaida. He sought a kind of synthesis: on the one hand, he was not against "public and cultural activity," but on the other, he was very much concerned about the "future" of the Ukrainians in the world, insisting on perpetual and maximum politicizing: the SKVU,

he declared, has to attract the broadest masses of "free" Ukrainians throughout the world and politically educate them for anti-communist activity, anti-Soviet activity in the first place.

Truth to tell, Kabaida is really anxious about the free Ukrainians. He's the very same Kabaida (Zhukovsky) who during the dark hours of Ukraine's temporary occupation by nazi Germany was a police commandant in Kiev.

Apart from taking bribes from the *Volksdeutsche* applying for identity cards and tailing "suspicious" citizens, he raided the homes of arrested or liquidated Soviet activists and organized roundups of young men and women for their subsequent "free departure" — i. e. forcible deportation for slave labor — to nazi Germany. These operations took the lives of thousands of people, many of which Kabaida himself executed or tortured to death, as was the case in Kiev, in Kodry, Kiev Region, in the villages of Ozery and Slovechina in Chernihiv Region, as well as in Zhitomir Region and Byelorussia.

One terrifying detail: for each murdered man, as one of Kabaida's order stipulated, the police received one kilogram of lard and one kilogram of flour as a reward. Photographs of such documents were published in the Soviet press.

What we would like to ask is what "future" Mr. Kabaida prescribes today for the Ukrainians either in the field of active anti-Soviet activity or in the field of "development of national and cultural life of the emigrants in their various countries of residence"?

The congress is to be attended not only by Ukrainians from Canada and the USA. Invitations were sent to all Ukrainian representatives regardless of their country of residence, as well

as their spiritual leaders from the Catholic, Greek-Catholic and Greek-Orthodox churches. Visas were issued not only to them, but to observers from all nationalist emigre groups.

Well, now you know what SKVU stands for.

All this caboodle is to meet at a time when mankind is derecting its best efforts toward peace, when the World Peace Council declared its decisive stand to spare no efforts in achieving peace and friendship among people, and when the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the Soviet Government, supported by all socialist countries and progressive forces of the Western nations, is doing everything possible to materialize the principles of peaceful coexistence of states with different social systems and their cooperation for man's peace and benefit throughout the world.

1973

Rostislav Bratun

A-BOMB IN A FRIDGE

A new political climate is being shaped in the world, one which sees the solution of the most complex international problems in negotiations.

But the forces of war, reaction and aggression have not abandoned their attempts to undermine the positive processes taking place in the world today. They whip up the arms race, oppose the elimination of existing international crises, and interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, frustrating in this way the

struggle for freedom and democracy, and discrediting the policy of peaceful coexistence.

The relaxation of international tension was met with hostility not only by the most reactionary quarters of the West, but also by the reactionary Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist emigres. Small wonder, because the "cold war" had always been a beneficial atmosphere for the anti-Soviet activities of the former nazi collaborationists.

We have not forgotten and have not pardoned the fascist madcaps. We have not forgotten anything and will never forgive their nationalist servants!

Way back in September 1950, at a press conference of the ABN held in Frankfurt on the Main, Yaroslav Stetsko presented his "program of war and peace" in the following way: "It's already too late to reflect on how to avoid war. Today it is imperative to prepare to win it." The ABN leaders time and time again advanced venomous and malicious slogans accompanied by whimpering appeals to the imperialist powers: "Drop the A-bomb on the Kremlin!"

Fifteen years later the very same Stetsko complained that "It is uncertain when the West will finally cease to yield (to the Soviet Union — R. B.) and risk a nuclear argument," because "the threat of nuclear destruction instils fear in man, who as he looks at the value of physical existence... holds that the aim of a human being is to live at any price."

According to Stetsko's "philosophy," this position would no longer obtain if man did want to live, but, on the contrary, preferred at any cost death from an atom bomb. The "dechristianization of the world," the "devitalization of man's nationalism and Christianity," Stetsko

grieved, "have led to the conjectural necessity of capitulating in the face of a nuclear threat."

After such utterances one can only wonder why Stetsko has not been raised to the rank of Christianity's prophet-reformer in the future life. The A-bomb goes off with a mighty bang and you're in Paradise: it's simple as that, because "a man who believes in God," the priest of thermonuclear war preached, "will never believe that he has become an object of destruction... since this had not been foreseen by Providence."

Stetsko popularized his "nuclear program" during his tour of Australia. Here is what a certain B. Plyanko wrote in the *Ukraïnskiy samostiynik* (Ukrainian Independent) magazine: "In the local newspaper *Vilna dumka* (Free Thought) Y. Stetsko expounded his 'liberation concept,' according to which 'nuclear war was not that dreadful; it would be enough to drop a few bombs on Ukraine: all the communists would die, and the rest would get ABN immunity and escape destruction (i. e. Stetsko and his gang — R. B.), and 'if the entire communist Ukraine will be destroyed, new cadres will come from Toronto, London, Madrid, etc.' "

Only a rabid enemy could wish these things on a people which Stetsko claims to be part of. No wonder, because Stetsko, like no one else in the OUN and ABN, embodies the decay and moral degradation of those "cadres" who dream to come to the wild desert of a nuclear-devastated Ukraine to "create a new life," as their "decalogue" puts it.

The fame of Stetsko as a "nuclear thunderer" has robbed many a OUN chief of his sleep. Regardless whatever faction he belongs to, he dreams of a world holocaust. So as not

to make any unsubstantiated statements, let us take a look at one of the issues of the *Ukraïnskiy samostiynik* of last year, in which Anatole Kaminsky of the USA published his crazy dream.

In his dream he saw an underground shelter — not of the primitive type of 1945, but a super-shelter of 1975 vintage with air conditioners, refrigerators, TV sets and other attributes of modern comfort. Kaminsky writes: "In modern industrial societies every citizen becomes not only a consumer of various gadgets, refrigerators, TV sets and the like, but also a consumer of technical knowledge... Under these conditions it would not be difficult for someone to build a home-made A-bomb." Buoyed up by his crazy vision, Anatole concludes that "such a powerful argument would be of help for our people."

Judging that the craving to kill is the normal state of normal man (by which he means a nationalist killer), Anatole asserts that a "home-made A-bomb, like any other weapon, can be used also by normal people," and — I quote further on — "the struggle of the UPA would have also had other dimensions if our insurgents (read: OUN bandits — R. B.) would have had the opportunity to deter the enemy with such a weapon."

A home-made bomb capable of destroying Ukraine and installing nationalist rule — that's what Anatole is dreaming about.

The nationalists would do anything to keep in their fridges the preserves of the times of the "cold war" lest they should melt. They would stuff those fridges with their home-made A-bombs to be used at the convenient moment. But so far they have to restrict themselves to

drunken brawls in foreign pubs and taverns and to raving about a "hot" war in their delirious dreams.

The sun of peace is spreading its beneficial rays over greater and greater parts of our globe. The Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe has brilliantly proved this point. The ice floes of the "cold war" are melting away. The mouldering remnants of misanthropy are falling into decay in their shady corners. And the rot of nationalism is sure to dry out on the dump hills of history.

That's the law of history.

1975

Taras Mihal

TARRED WITH THE SAME BRUSH

It's a great, sincere and moving friendship, based on identical ideas, aspirations and activities.

"Who're the friends?" you might ask.

The Ukrainian nationalists and the Zionists, of course.

It's an old, everlasting friendship sealed with blood.

No matter that the friends are on different sides of the barricades.

No matter that when Simon Petlura ruled Ukraine he let thousands of Jews die in a bloody wave of pogroms. No matter that Simon Schwartzbard was bold enough to kill the pogromist Petlura in Paris in broad daylight. You see, the two Simons were simply settling some old comradely scores. (Probably this is why French law did not see a hint of a crime in this murder and let the terrorist go scot free.) No matter that between the two world wars the nationalist leaders of Western Ukraine conducted a fierce economic war against Jewish capital. You see, it was simply a question of rivalry between two bourgeois groups of competitors. In the daytime they shoved and pushed each other, and in the evening Kost Levitsky, the "President" of the ZUNR and of many "national banks," and Mikola Zaiachkivsky, Director of the People's Commerce Cooperative, took their entourage to the restaurants of the

Zionists Reich and the Atlas Brothers, swilled liquour till the small hours of morning, while Reich and the Atlases tried to please the "President" and his company as much as they could. No matter that Konovalets and Bandera stuck to the slogan "Ukraine only for Ukrainians," that the OUN's Military Organization, along with their Polish partners from the National Democratic Party, smashed the windows of Jewish shops and beat up respected Lviv real estate and factory owners whose faces looked Semitic — but were on intimate terms with the highest ranking dignitaries of the Jewish synagogues — Rabbis Levin and Kahane. The latter were frequent guests of the "Knight" of Greek-Catholicism Sheptitsky, and carried on business with him and acted as intermediaries in various financial machinations of the Metropolitan. But what were Lviv rabbis (even if of high rank) compared with the Rothschilds * with whom Sheptitsky was on a good footing, in particular with the good-looking daughter of the Vienna Rothschild, Rebecca. Their relationship was not only of an underhand financial nature; it continued even after the officer of the Austro-Hungarian army shed his uniform of a dragoon and donned the mantle of a metropolitan.

You think Sheptitsky was an exception in this respect? Oh no. Bishop Khomyshin of Stanislav had a famous Zionist leader of those days for his most trusted confidant, personal lawyer and counsel on all financial matters.

---

* As one of the wealthiest families of Europe, the Rothschilds were the founders of the entire world Zionist movement. Before the First World War, Edmont Rothschild, one of the five baron brothers, said: "Without me the Zionists would not have moved one step, and without the Zionists my own efforts would have come to a standstill."

To cut a long story short, for every "respectable" bourgeois nationalist it was a matter of honor to have his own trusted and rich Zionist moneybag.

If, during the temporary nazi occupation of Ukraine, the union of the nationalists and the Zionists did suffer from the bullets of the Ukrainian auxiliary police, who were reliable henchmen of Hitler's executioners of Jews, it effected only the lower echelons. The rich leaders of the *Judenrats* (Jewish councils — Ger.) and the rabbis saved their skins through bribes and connections at the expense of their "rabble" brethren. There were cases when the president of the Ukrainian Central Committee, Kubiyovich, spurred by a fat bribe in gold or dollars, personally begged the Governor-General Frank to spare the lives of rich Zionists who were "kind friends" of Ukraine (e. g., the case of Dr. Jacob Nasse), and in such a way many a Ukrainian "benefactor" secreted his Jewish financier of yesterday. His "Holiness" Sheptitsky who never ever raised his voice against the mass annihilation of Lviv residents by his Gestapo friends, hid in his residence a number of Zionist leaders, including the son of Rabbi Levin and the city's chief Rabbi Kahane (surely not the Kahane who today leads the Zionists' largest extremist organization in the USA). This extraordinary "heroism" of the Metropolitan was movingly described in the Banderite journal *Ukraïnsky samostiynik* (Ukrainian Independent) of June 1966:

"One night in June a vagabond dressed in rags rang the bell at the entrance of Metropolitan Sheptitsky's residence. The unknown traveler had a large bundle on him... It was past midnight. The frightened priest on duty looked

through the little window in the door. The traveler, who produced an oppressive impression in his rags, said, 'Inform his Excellency that Rabbi Kahane seeks his help.' The priest closed the window apprehensively. The following minutes, during which Rabbi Kahane was made to wait, seemed like an eternity to him. Presently the door opened and the Rabbi-escapee was let in. The priest led him through the corridors to a large library, saying, 'His Excellency wishes that you be his guest: we will look after all your needs."

No sooner did this moving story appear in the slanderous nationalist journal, than it was reprinted by Israel's *Haaretz* newspaper. It wouldn't be a miracle (although Sheptitsky and Kahane were capable of "creating" such miracles to fool their flocks and keep them in submission) if some day a monument to the "martyr-benefactor" Sheptitsky were to be unveiled in one of Tel Aviv's squares, and the nationalist organizations would hang the portrait of Moshe Dayan in their headquarters, side by side with the pictures of the UPA "heroes."

The nationalists and Zionists always found a common language, even during one of the world's most horrid wars, which took the life of millions of Jews. Those were "hard" days, they say — one cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, you know. And that, we may suppose, is why when the Ukrainian physician Voyevidka joined his Jewish wife in the Stanislav ghetto and both were burned there to death, Kubiyovich and Sheptitsky did not move a finger to save them.

The present union of the Zionists and the Ukrainian (and other) bourgeois nationalists rests on a common hatred of progress, peace,

communism, and the great light of Lenin's ideas.

In 1917, right after the victory of the October Socialist Revolution, an underground meeting of Zionist organizations in Moscow formulated its attitude toward socialism in the following way:

"Socialism stands in the way of Zionism. Zionism and socialism are not only two poles of mutual repulsion, but also two elements which completely eliminate one another."

Way back in 1898 the ideologues of the Zionist movement already had an adopted extreme anti-socialist platform:

"For Jewry, for the Jewish nationality socialism is a deathly enemy."

The theorists of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism seemed to be cast in the same mould when they evolved their program and attitude toward socialism and communism.

"Communism and Ukrainian nationalism," wrote Sheptitsky's masterminded newspaper *Meta* (Aim) in its 15th issue of 1932, "are two notions which have nothing in common, which in their practical aspects cannot go side by side, and which at every opportunity and under every circumstance must lead to a struggle for life and death. Ukrainian communism does not exist, while Ukrainian nationalism must be prepared for every means in combatting communism, including physical mass extermination, even at the price of millions of human lives."

For the sake of this ideal everything could be forgotten — Petlura's pogroms, Petlura's murder, the centuries-old exploitation of the *goys*, and the OUN's rabid anti-Semitism, one of the most important mainstays of this terror-

ist organization. "At times of chaos and confusion," read the OUN's policy document *The Struggle and Activity of the OUN at Times of War*, "we can feel free to liquidate undesirable Polish, Moscow and Jewish elements... Jews must be isolated and kicked out of institutions... The leaders of every field of life can be only Ukrainians and not alien enemies. The assimilation of Jews is out of the question. Our rule must be terrible." In practice this program was implemented in full measure during the German fascist occupation. And it seems that this, too, could be forgotten, just as the fact that some years ago during the sesquicentennial of Taras Shevchenko's birth the Zionists, writing in the USA's most prestigious *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, contemptuously called the great poet and champion of liberty of all peoples an anti-Semite. As it is, the nationalists themselves don't stint their abuse of Shevchenko. "The cult of Shevchenko must be finished with. I'm not keen on him," wrote the ideologue of Ukrainian nationalism Dontsov a long, long time ago. Another, more "leftist" nationalist, Ivan Bahriany, declared that Shevchenko was a figure of "forgotten stature" whose significance disappeared along with the "sluttish villages." Apparently, for the sake of the union with the Zionists and their "dough," the nationalists are ready to disown Ukraine, and Shevchenko, and even their own creed if need be.

Well, there is nothing remarkable about all this. Today the Zionists and nationalists are tarred with the same brush. They draw the water to their mill from the same spring, or, to be more precise, from the same slough, and they share common objects for their hatred.

A LITTLE SHAKE-UP OF HISTORY

So far we have mostly dwelt on the union of the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists and the Zionists in Western Ukraine during its occupation by bourgeois Poland and the Great Patriotic War of 1941-1945. But it is worth making a little excursus into history to trace the relationship of these two racially opposed yet ideologically allied camps during the turbulent times of Civil War in Ukraine, when the nationalist counterrevolutionary governments changed like the weather, everyone of them viewing the solution of the Jewish question as one of the major issues.

At that time powerful Zionist organizations were active in Ukraine, advancing the idea of their father Theodor Herzl about the necessity of establishing an independent Jewish world state as the only means of solving all the problems of world Jewry. All this fuss was actually an attempt to arrest the social and revolutionary movement which was overtaking the working Jews and drawing them to the communist party, and to regain their lost control over the Jewish communities. The counterrevolutionary program of the Jewish bourgeoisie was supported by the pseudo-proletarian party of the Bund whose behavior, as Lenin pointed out, was remarkable for its "maximum of brazenness and minimum of logic." During the First World War the Zionists of all colors and hues enthusiastically greeted the proclamation of any bourgeois power in Ukraine, just like the 7th conference of Zionists in Petrograd had unanimously, by 522 votes, expressed confidence in the government of Kerensky. Zionist representatives were included in the "governments"

of the Hetmanate and the Directory as ministers responsible for Jewish questions and for organizing Zionist military units. Even at a time when the nationalist troops were massacring tens of thousands of the Jewish poor in pogroms, the Zionist leaders kept assuring the governments of "independent Ukraine" of their loyal feelings and prayed for them in synagogues.

One of the most high-spirited Zionist leaders, Jabotinsky, met with Petlura to discuss the question of organizing Jewish units for joint struggle with the Red Army and lending Petlura's "state" a large sum of money for this purpose.

For the Zionists every power was acceptable, except Soviet power, because Soviet power, by eliminating exploitation of man by man and private ownership of the means of production, spelled doom to capitalism and its far-flung Jewish legion, possessed by the maniacal idea of creating a "world Jewish state."

At the dawn of Soviet power when Lenin's great principles of socialist construction were translated into life, the Zionists, along with the Ukrainian and other bourgeois nationalists, became the most rabid enemies of our country, and have remained such to the present day.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER...

No sooner did Israel start its next round of aggression against the Arab nations in June 1967 than the Ukrainian nationalists knew exactly what to do. The first to raise its voice of approval was the OUN-B. Its leaders Lenkavsky and Stetsko sent an enthusiastic message to Moshe Dayan and Levi Eshkol, in which they congratulated the Israeli "hawks" on their great

victory," and expressed their "deep sympathy of solidarity." They called the aggressor a "standard-bearer of Western civilization in the Middle East" and stressed the particular mission of the Israelis among the other nations in that part of the world. The OUN message was immediately reprinted in the Banderite newspapers of West Germany and in the *Ukraïnske slovo* (Ukrainian Word) published in Paris.

The enthusiasm of the European nationalist emigres was picked up by their confederates beyond the Atlantic. The New York-based *Svoboda*, the press organ of what seemed like a respectable community, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, brimmed over with ecstasy about the victory of their brave ally and "worthy partner in the universal community of man."

True love, as we know, becomes the stronger, when jealousy and "kind" envy are brought into play. Less than four years after the great ovation given to the Israeli agressor by the nationalist press, another Banderite sheet became rather irritated about the brilliant successes of their "allies." In its March 28, 1971 issue *Shlyakh peremohy* (Road of Victory) posed its reader a mind-racking puzzle: "Why is the world more interested in the Zionists than in us (i. e. the nationalists — T. M.)?"

The question was answered right there and then: "...during the past few weeks the Zionists have held thousand-strong demonstrations against the USSR, threw a number of bombs at Bolshevik buildings, caused a number of fires, burned a number of cars of Russian missions, and wage an intensive and diverse campaign in word and deed, in which they invest large

capital. That is why the world gave them its attention. And what about us?"

Well, that's true as true can be. The nationalists are no match for the Zionists, both in forces and capital. But why fall into despair so quickly? The nationalists have "merits" all of their own. They were organizing pogroms, holding loud demonstrations in front of Soviet missions, and launching anti-communist and anti-Soviet campaigns long before all those Dayans, Kahanes and Friedmans had been hatched from their eggs. Let's recall, for instance, the attack on the Soviet Ukrainian Consulate in Lviv, which Bandera organized in 1933. Hitler had just come to power and the murder of the Consulate Secretary Mailov by the OUN terrorist Mikola Lemik splendidly served his aim of aggravating relations between the Soviet Union and Poland. To this day the nationalists have not abandoned their dirty trade and try to damage the Ukrainian people and Soviet Ukraine wherever they can. For years on end they have been hollering about the persecution of Ukrainians in their "native land" and view the reunification of all Ukrainian territories into one Soviet Ukrainian state as nothing else but Bolshevik occupation. How many crocodile tears have been shed, how many dollars spent in vain to organize and run various committees, blocs and assemblies for "defense" and "liberation," and how many acres of American and Canadian forestland have been turned into pulp to print all those nationalist "protests," "petitions" and "memorandums."

The Zionists followed the same path. Moreover, they at once became the chief conductors of the whole anti-Soviet hullabaloo. The loudest of them all was the Jewish Defense League

(JDL) organized by Rabbi Meir Kahane in 1968.

It would be impossible to list all the acts of hooliganism which the Zionists have been guilty of in front of Soviet diplomatic missions and against individual Soviet citizens in the USA, Canada, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium and other countries.

We will recall only those which explicitly show the close cooperation between Kahane's JDL and the renegades from the ABN, the OUN-B, the White-Guard NTS and the Herzen Society.

On December 24, 1970, a band of rowdies, shouting in the many tongues of the "oppressed nations," stopped a car being driven by Soviet Ukrainian diplomats in New York and tried to destroy it. Failing to do so in broad daylight, they burned a car belonging to the UN Ukrainian mission during the night of the same day. Then a noisy demonstration was held at the Ukrainian mission which lasted for days on end. Its timing was not accidental — on December 25 our nation marked the anniversary of proclamation of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, an outstanding historical event which the nationalists find it hard to swallow. Kahane was pleased with the "work." He proudly gave interviews in which he boasted of the support of conservative (read: nationalist — T. M.) groups which, as he said, were not bad for the Zionists.

On the night of April 15, 1971, a 30-kg bomb filled with TNT (equivalent to the force of a 400-kg air bomb) exploded in the USSR trade mission in Amsterdam. It was a mere chance that the explosion did not result in deaths; only 20 people were bruised and injured. Investi-

gations revealed that this "heroic" act was staged by the Dutch branch of JDL jointly with the Russian counterrevolutionary Herzen Society.

The third provocation was related by the Soviet Ukrainian author Natan Rybak at the 6th Ukrainian Writers Congress. Rybak took part in a ten-day festival of Soviet culture in Belgium. For the Zionists and Ukrainian nationalists the achievements of Soviet literature and art are a thorn in the eye. They organized a joint committee to disrupt this cultural event highlighting the friendship of the Soviet and Belgian people. Hooligans, trooped under various nationalist colors, went into action. In this roaring crowd the loudest of them all were those of the SUM (Union of Ukrainian Youth), especially on the day Soviet Ukraine's culture was presented.

Some words about the provocations at and boycotts of the concerts which Soviet performers give abroad in accord with international agreements on cultural exchange. The Zionists seem to have adopted the German nazis' attitude to the cultural achievements of other nations, by following the notorious nazi mentality: "The moment I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my gun." JDL members brought home-made bombs to the concerts of the Moscow State Philharmonic Orchestra at Brooklin College. That's a wonderful example of cultural appreciation for you! It differs in no way from the Ukrainian nationalists' when they meet Soviet representatives of culture. Thus, for example, the Banderite newspaper *Homin Ukraïny* printed a nasty article, *Enough*, which called on Ukrainian Canadians to boycott the concerts of the Soviet Ukrainian performers Dmitro Hna-

tiuk and Oleg Kryssa. "Regardless whether they are famous or not, for us they are useless and undesirable," raved a certain P. K. in the columns of this sheet.

On October 20, 1971, a Zionist fired four shots into a lighted window of the UN Soviet mission with a telescope-sighted semi-automatic rifle. From his hideout on the roof of Brooklin College he saw that there were people in the room, that children were playing there, and nonetheless he fired at them with a fanatical sadism.

Less than one hundred days after the incident, when a US court was still investigating the case of the Zionist who was freed on bail, another explosion rent the air in New York. This time the Zionists had planted a bomb in the offices of the famous impressario Hurok and in the premises of Columbia Artists Company. One staff member was killed, a number were heavily wounded, among them Hurok, the same Hurok who for decades had been working for cultural exchange and friendship between the USA and the Soviet Union and had organized dozens of concerts for Soviet virtuoso performers, including some of Jewish nationality.

And what did the Ukrainian nationalists do against the background of these Zionist successes? For days on end groups of pathetic nationalist madcaps crowded the Soviet mission in Manhatten's 67 Street, disregarding the "No Trespassing" and "Police Area" signs which the city fathers had ordered to be set up around the mission.

What has been the reaction of the governments and security agencies of the countries in which these provocations took place?

As a rule, the police have always been late in coming, hiding behind their lack of instructions on how to deal with the situation, while the state authorities have sent their belated apologies and promised to take appropriate measures. When it comes to curbing Zionist provocations the celebrated Western "freedom" of speech and assembly has been applied with unprecedented duplicity. On one occasion the US State Department gave the weird explanation of its inability to maintain law and order by stating that it was impossible to protect the Soviet mission, because on that day the police force was on strike. A nice and disarming explanation indeed. That's real "democracy" for you!

In May 1971 the JDL's acid-tongued leader Meir Kahane and six of his followers were seized on federal warrants charging conspiracy to violate the Gun Control Act of 1968 by transporting weapons into the New York area. But this "measure" has had the same effect on them as a scarecrow would have had on sparrows. Within hours, Kahane was free on bail. Although he and his confederates confessed to having manufactured home-made bombs, although a few days after the preliminary hearing of the case in a federal court of New Jersey a whole underground cache of dynamite was revealed, the terrorists were treated as if they were some naughty boys. Kahane and two of his closest associates were formally sentenced to prison terms, but the sentences were deferred. True, the JDL leader paid a fine of 5,000 dollars. But for an organization which can put its hands on millions, which this year alone donated one billion dollars to Israel, and which is backed by the richest and most influ-

ential US bankers, this paltry fine was ludicrous.

Nationalism and Zionism are two wings of one and the same creature — anti-communism; two wings which carry the most reactionary forces of the world today — American imperialism and European neo-fascism. If this creature ever manages to rise, its flight will be not a long one. Sooner or later it will fall head over heels into an ignominous abyss which has already been prepared by mankind for all those misanthropic and abnormal racist and chauvinistic regimes, cliques and bands.

1971

Fedir Malanchuk

KINSHIP OVERDONE

There are quite a few Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists gadding about in the British Isles today, and their "patriotic" mania has reached the highest pitch ever. One of these gentlemen, they say, infected by this disease by his blood brothers, recently reached such a high level of "conscience and patriotism" that he went and set up yet another nationalist "organization." The end product was a family affair, so to speak, because the new party had on its membership list, apart from the aforementioned gentleman, his wife and all his close relations.

That's something the Polish nationalists have not got up to yet. For a long time now, perhaps too long, they have clung to the pants of their General Anders, the very same Anders

who duped the Polish working people during the Second World War. Hanging on to their bankrupt General, they have not learned from the experience of their Ukrainian counterparts in organizing "parties."

As for the General, he settled in London, and so as not to be bored he began to play politics, from time to time sending curses on the Polish people who would not let him get near their frontiers. Occasionally he flew into such a rage of "political activity," that he even hurled thunderbolts at the entire socialist camp. But very soon he became convinced that wagging an umbrella at the sun was a hopeless venture. His militant appeals for total war against communism had no success whatsoever. On the contrary, they only brought him bruises, because in the community of socialist nations the Polish People's Republic was prospering and building socialism.

One day the apology for a General, who had no army and no country to call his own, realized that the Polish emigre community was melting away like wax under the sun and that most decent Poles were returning to their homeland; even the most inveterate nationalist rogues were losing their "militant spirit and real power," as he put it. As a result the "Polish state territory" in the British capital began to shrink with cosmic speed. This made the General meditate deeply. When a man starts thinking seriously, he's sure to come up with something.

"We'll expand our state territory at the expense of the western *kresy,**" Anders decreed.

* In bourgeois Poland the name given to the Western Ukrainian, Western Byelorussian and some Lithuanian territories

At first he wanted to obtain some "western *kresy*" from the UNR Premier Isaak Mazepa who, along with the homeless vagrant Vitvitsky, was doing a brisk trade of the Western Ukrainian lands on the imperialist market in Paris. But Mazepa and Vitvitsky asked such an exorbitant price that it made Anders gasp, the more so since he had to pay cash on the barrelhead right away. The deal flopped. The General decided then to make a tour of the United States of America and Canada to seek a more compliant hustler, and at the same time beg his American bosses for some cash to materialize his ambitious plans of ruling over the "western *kresy*."

"Lviv and Vilnius must be Polish!" declared Anders peremptorily as he stepped on American soil.

Brandishing his rusty sword, the General claimed not only Lviv, but also the "Corridor" which — no more and no less — was to stretch right up to Odessa, so that Anders' Poland would be *"od morza do morza"* (from sea to sea — Pol.).

When the Ukrainian nationalist "statesmen" heard the insolent statements of *Pan* Anders, they were seized with "national rage at the impudence of the Pollack." But their American masters quickly damped their "patriotic" fervor.

"All right, all right, our Masuhs, we agree to everything the General wants," replied the nationalist lackeys.

So Anders started haggling. It proved an extremely hard business. The head of the "Polish center in London" almost lost the "western *kresy*" in the process, and this through the efforts of the cunning nationalist leaders. He was pounced upon by negotiators from all those

UUCs, FUCs, CUCs and UUIs *, each of them claiming to be the only "legitimate" representative of Ukraine and the only conclusive heir of the Ukrainian lands.

A squabble ensued. The Banderites whetted their knives against the Melnikites, the Independents opposed the former and the latter, the Catholics spied on the Orthodox, the Orthodox on the Uniates, and all of them together tried to isolate the representatives of the Ukrainian National Rada from the "lucrative" deal.

General Anders had lost all hope of gaining the "western *kresy*" when fate sent him his old crony Pavlo Shandruk.

As a Petlura officer, Shandruk had inherited a very valuable quality from his "leader" — the impulse to be always on the move. He had served under Petlura's colors, but not for long. He had served the Polish magnates, became an inveterate follower of Pilsudski and a Colonel in the Polish army, but this career was also short-lived. Then he went over to the Hitlerites. He served them loyally and zealously, but very soon the Red Army routed the fascists of all stripes and hues along with the mob in the SS Division "Halychina" which by Kubiyovich's, Melnik's and Andriy Sheptitsky's reckoning was to save the Third Reich from its final collapse.

Hitler's General Staff gave Shandruk's efforts due recognition. When the commander of the "Halychina" division, Freitag, was granted by the Soviet soldiers as much Ukrainian soil as

---

* Abbreviations for *Soyuz ukraïnskikh katolikiv* (Union of Ukrainian Catholics), *Bratstvo ukraïnskikh katolikiv* (Fraternity of Ukrainian Catholics), *Komitet ukraïntsiv Kanady* (Committee of Ukrainian Canadians), and *Soyuz ukraïnskikh somostiynikiv* (Union of Ukrainian Independents)

a corpse needs, Shandruk was appointed leader of this infamous division. But the newly appointed leader was reduced to running after his mercenaries — and not eastward, but westward! This "heroic feat" earned the fascist Pavlo Shandruk the shoulder straps of a general. One of them Shandruk lost somewhere around Berlin, and with the other he appeared before Alfred Rosenberg himself in Weimar.

At long last it seemed that fortune had come his way. Here where all vagrants and criminals eventually met he was appointed chairman of the Ukrainian National Committee. But no sooner did Shandruk thank Rosenberg and Hitler for their great confidence in him than his loyal deputy Kubiyovich screamed:

"Gentlemen, scramble!"

And they scrambled wherever they could. Scared stiff at the prospect of falling into the hands of Soviet soldiers, Shandruk had to throw away his remaining second shoulder strap. But his military training stood him in good stead; in a rather short time he covered the distance from Europe to America, where he was hailed as a "symbol of the Ukrainian soldier glory" and as the undisputed leader of the half-beaten Petlura and SS mercenaries.

At this point in his life destiny ordained that Pavlo Shandruk meet General Anders.

"How are things, Sir?" Anders exclaimed joyously at meeting him.

"Not too good, General, I'm in the dumps."

"What's that in your hands, Colonel?" Anders asked, addressing Shandruk by the rank he had in the Polish army.

"I'm off to sell my general's uniform. It makes me sad to do it. After all, worn as it is, the cloth is German. Maybe you'll buy it?"

"Phew, Colonel, it's in tatters. I'd rather buy..."

"What, what did you say, General? You'd buy some German gaiters? I've got some for sale."

"No, I'd rather buy a city," Anders said under his breath.

"Gosh, a whole city? My General, you must be well off!"

"Yes, Colonel, a city, and you could sell it to me."

"A city? You must be kidding, General. I don't even have a lousy manor to call my own, let alone a city," Shandruk mumbled.

"You could sell me the city of Lviv, for instance."

"But, General, Simon Petlura sold it to Pilsudski a long time ago."

"You're right, Colonel, but there was no deed of purchase. Now we'll legalize it. So are you selling Lviv?"

"It's all yours, if only I get a couple of dollars in ready cash..."

"And what about the Corridor, *Pan* Shandruk?"

"You can have it right up to Siberia, if only I get a couple of dollars in ready cash..."

"Don't you count so much on ready cash, my dove. I'll give you this instead," said Anders and pinned a faded trinket on Shandruk's old Petlura uniform.

The next day the Polish emigre gutter sheet *Ameryka-Echo* ran the sensational news:

"The Polish General Wladislaw Anders decorated the Polish Colonel Pavlo Shandruk with the Order of Virtuti Militari."

Further on the sheet informed its readers that both "generals" had clinched the deal (notably,

without getting into each other's hair) and were quite happy: Shandruk pinned the counterfeit Order on his uniform, while *Pan* Anders, after all the great ordeals and mishaps he had lived through all these years, received "for eternal hereditary possession" the city of Lviv!

The whole transaction can simply make a cat laugh!

1969

Yuri Smolich

SANCTITIES DISOWNED

In 1964 a new exhibit appeared at the Taras Shevchenko Museum in Kaniv: a little box with a handful of earth in it.

The story of this exhibit is worth knowing by everyone, because it concerns the sacred earth from Shevchenko's grave.

The name of Shevchenko, the great son of the Ukrainian nation is vital and inspiring. His legacy shines as the most brilliant gem in the treasury of Ukrainian culture. Shevchenko's highly ideological and artistic poetry and his masterpieces of painting have been acclaimed by many nations of the world. Today Shevchenko anniversaries are marked worldwide; in Ukraine they became a national tradition long ago. In our country many theaters, palaces, libraries and other cultural establishments, as well as many collective farms, plants and scientific institutions have been named in Shevchenko's honor. Monuments to him have been unveiled in practically every large city, and now you will rarely find a village which does not have a bust of Lenin and the Ukrainian Bard. In 1964 a grand Shevchenko monument was unveiled in the capital of the Soviet Union on the bank of the Moscow River.

But the great Ukrainian is not honored by memorials alone. The words of this poet and revolutionary, progressive and democrat, uttered more than a hundred years ago, have re-

tained their vitality to this day. The progressive message of his poetic writings, his heroic life which he dedicated to his people and to spreading mankind's libertarian ideals, are educating the generations of today. In the Ukrainian land freed by the October Socialist Revolution, Shevchenko's nation is building communism in friendship with other Soviet peoples, and abroad Shevchenko's word resounds in the mighty chorus of appeals for freedom and democracy.

Shevchenko's ideas have also reached those parts of the world where struggle is in progress, where the flags of national revolutions and the red banners of class struggle flutter.

During the Civil War in Spain the Shevchenko Battalion defended the Spanish people from the fascist onslaught. During the Great Patriotic War of 1941-1945 the famous Shevchenko partisan unit helped the Soviet Union's country-wide effort to expel Hitler's invaders from Ukraine. By decision of the World Peace Council all progressive people of the world marked the sesquicentennial of Shevchenko's birth.

On this occasion the Ukrainian Americans decided to build a monumet to the Ukrainian poet of genius. The monument was authorized in a bill enacted by the US Congress. A Shevchenko Memorial Committee was organized, a competition for the best monument announced, and the raising of funds for the erection of the monument was started among the Ukrainian Americans.

The news about the erection of a Shevchenko memorial in Washington was happily received in Ukraine. A group of literati, artists and scientists sent a letter to the Shevchenko Memorial Committee of America, in which they expressed their desire to attend the unveiling

ceremony, and proposed to send some earth from Shevchenko's grave in Kaniv to be placed under the monument.

The letter was published in the *Literaturna Ukraïna* (Literary Ukraine) newspaper, and was answered by the Memorial Committee only six months afterwards.

From its inception the Memorial Committee fell under the rule of nationalist leaders who feel quite snug under the wing of US reactionary quarters.

What are the main concepts of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism in all its varieties which determined the actions of its adherents?

Today, when there are two opposed worlds — the socialist and capitalist — these concepts have been reduced to a vulgar and primitive level: communism, socialism and democracy are things condemned by God; they are asserted and spread thoughout the world by the USSR — which makes it imperative to wage war against the USSR and all socialist countries and wipe them off the face of the earth.

However ugly and incredible it may be, it was precisely these concepts which guided the doings of the nationalist clique when they conceived the idea of erecting the Shevchenko memorial. They did not want to extol the Ukrainian genius or pay homage to his memory and spread respect for him among all the nations of the world. O no! The nationalist leaders, and along with them the US reactionary forces (more precisely, the US reactionary forces using the nationalists), decided to take advantage of such a wonderful opportunity and use it for their own ends. Capitalizing on the love and reverence felt for Shevchenko by all Ukrainians, the nationalists wanted to spread their influence

among the greater part of Ukrainians in the USA and abroad and distort their feelings, directing them, along with their energy and material means, against the ideas of socialism and communism, against the USSR and the socialist countries.

The first thing the Memorial Committee did was launch a fund-raising campaign.

Right from the beginning the state of affairs was deplorable. The participation of the nationalist instigators in the Committee leadership in no way attracted the Ukrainians living abroad to the fund-raising campaign. The nationalist leaders had more than once announced campaigns for one nationalist venture or another, and every time these funds disappeared without a trace; they were simply squandered for the personal needs of the fund raisers.

But by and by Shevchenko's name and the occasion which was to honor it — the sesquicentennial of his birth — roused the people and the Committee started receiving meagre donations from all parts of the American continent.

I say meagre donations, because the fund for the memorial was made up, in the main, not of large contributions by some organizations or rich patrons, but of small offerings made by Ukrainian emigrant workers. The Memorial Committee published a book listing the names of thousands of its contributors. The predominating figure is one, two or three dollars, rarely five, i. e. subscriptions of low-class workers. Donations ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars were made by people of the intellectual professions or small businessmen. Donations in the hundred dollars bracket were made only by a small group of cultural organizations and some well-off businessmen.

Well, the money flowed to the Committee's bank account and had to be handled properly. Who was to do that? This question immediately set off a brawl among the Committee leadership, because no one trusted his neighbor. Of course, it was not possible to pocket the whole stake, but anyway, anyone could make a good thing out of part of the fund for his personal ends. At this point it was decided to invite an "outsider" who could be a trusted Committee treasurer.

The choice fel on Mr. Platon Stasiuk.

It seemed to be splendid in all respects: Stasiuk was not a member of any party, he did not belong to any nationalist faction, nor was he a member of any progressive organization. What impressed the nationalists most was the fact that Stasiuk was on no account a communist or a socialist. He was a businessman enjoying the respect of business quarters, a man who always fulfilled his obligations toward other companies with precision and conscientiousness. So Mr. Stasiuk was invited to become a Committee member and treasurer of its memorial fund.

In the summer of 1961 Mr. Stasiuk and his wife made a tour of Europe. Platon Stasiuk emigrated beyond the Atlantic before the First World War. A son of a poor peasant family from Galicia, he worked for many years, and then, unlike many of his emigrant compatriots, he made it big: first he became a shareholder, then a partner, joint proprietor, and in the end, at old age, the owner of a commercial company. In his declining years he decided at long last to have some rest and fun for the first time in his life. Naturally enough, the couple was

drawn to Ukraine which they had not seen for fifty years.

The Stasiuks did not travel in a tourist group, but individually. The tour they had paid for had a precisely arranged route, which did not include a visit to Shevchenko's grave in Kaniv. But for true Ukrainians it was somehow unnatural to be in Ukraine and not pay homage to the great Bard, especially in 1961 which marked the centennial of the poet's death. So the Stasiuks visited the Association for Cultural Relations with Ukrainians Abroad and asked for permission to change the tour they had paid for in New York and visit the grave of Shevchenko.

There was nothing illegal in this request, and there were no grounds to refuse the elderly Ukrainians, especially the treasurer of the Shevchenko Memorial Committee in Washington. The Association approached "Intourist" and Mr. Stasiuk and his wife were permitted to change the route and visit Kaniv. At the same time Mr. Stasiuk asked whether he could take a handful of the sacred earth from Shevchenko's grave to be placed under the memorial in Washington.

He received the permission and Hordienko, a research associate of the Shevchenko Museum in Kaniv, gave him some handfuls of the earth from the grave. On Stasiuk's request the whole procedure of taking the earth and handing it into his hands was photographed in stages.

So with a small bag of earth from Shevchenko's grave the Stasiuks left Ukraine for the USA.

The subsequent events can only evoke amazement and shock in any ordinary man of lucid mind and common sense. The nationalist insti-

gators of the Memorial Committee did not accept the earth and raised an uproar in the emigre press. Mr. Stasiuk resigned from his office of treasurer and was kicked out of the Committee.

In 1963 Platon Stasiuk described in detail the whole disgraceful story about the rejection, inquests and insinuations in a book he published on his own money in New York: *How it Really Happened. The Affair of the Rejection of the Earth from Shevchenko's Grave.*

Why did the Committee's Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists reject it after all?

You see, the earth was Bolshevik and communist, they said. It did not matter at all that it came from Shevchenko's grave, because the whole affair with the memorial was an excercise in the nationalists' self-serving politics.

This was proved by a torrent of anti-Soviet articles which appeared in the reactionary emigre press on this occasion.

Yet some of the Ukrainian emigre intellectuals, scholars and journalists did not pass over in silence our letter to the Memorial Committee and its belated reaction to it. In the main, our proposition was positively accepted by these writers and the rejection of the earth by the Memorial Committee evoked amazement and, in some cases, even resentment.

The Association for Cultural Relations with Ukrainians Abroad received many letters from Ukrainians living in Canada, the USA, Great Britain, Belgium, France and Australia, in which they expressed outright indignation at the behavior of the Committee, defining it as self-serving politics and nothing else.

The people who voiced these views had various class sympathies and were from various

walks of life in the societies they lived. Some of them were members of progressive organizations, quite a few belonged neither to progressive nor reactionary associations. There were also some who stated that they were affiliated to nationalist groups, but from now on they vowed to break with them.

Well, the incident might have been considered closed. The Shevchenko memorial was unveiled in Washington. The former US President Dwight Eisenhower made an anti-Soviet speech at the dedication ceremony. The Soviet public was not invited to take part in building and unveiling the monument. In this way, so the nationalist leaders thought, the "danger" of the truth about Shevchenko reaching the Ukrainian Americans had been averted, and yet another pretext had been found for an outpour of slander against Soviet Ukraine. Also, a new chance had been seized of perfecting the falsification of Shevchenko's legacy, presenting the great champion of national and social liberation as a proponent of nationalist and racial animosity and religious obsession.

At this point it seemed that the affair with the earth from Shevchenko's grave was finished with.

No, it was not.

Platon Stasiuk unexpectedly came to Kiev again and returned the earth. For a long time he and his wife had thought about what to do with the little bag of earth. In the end they came to the conclusion that they had no right to keep such a great national relic just for themselves. Besides, they were afraid it would be defiled by the nationalist clique. The earth could be only encased under a monument if this monument were to be erected abroad as was the

case, or be returned to Shevchenko's grave where it had been taken from.

And Platon Stasiuk, an elderly man, took a plane and specialy came to Kiev to return the earth to those to whom it belonged and where it would remain sacred for centuries to come.

On returning the earth and paying homage to the great Bard at his place of eternal rest, and after visiting the Shevchenko landmarks in the village of Shevchenkove (formerly Kirilivka), Morintsi and Budishche, Platon Stasiuk left for the USA by plane.

Deeply grateful to the Ukrainian people living here in Ukraine, he went home with a heavy heart full of anger and contempt at the doings of the nationalist instigators of the Shevchenko Memorial Committee in Washington.

His noble, just, and, I would say, moving attitude to the memory of the great Shevchenko cannot but evoke gratitude and respect in the Ukrainians, in all ordinary, honest and sensible people whatever nationality they may belong to.

The Shevchenko memorial will go on standing in the USA, a land of a hard-working and talented American people. A Shevchenko monument will remain as such wherever it may be erected, because the great Ukrainian is a genius of all mankind and all people will go on paying homage to him. We, too, bow to the Shevchenko memorial in Washington and in our minds place flowers at its pedestal.

The ideas of Shevchenko are spreading throughout the world.

And what about those of the nationalists?

As for them, this was not the first time that they have disowned sanctities they professed to believe in. They did the same when they raised the sword against their own people dur-

ing the years of Revolution and Civil War in Ukraine. They disowned them the second time during Hitler's onslaught on our country. And now they disowned them again, rejecting even a handful of their native land from the sacred grave of Taras Shevchenko.

1964

Anton Khizhnyak

RUSTY NAIL

Some years ago a New York nationalist pushlishing house released an outwardly plump book penned by a certain Mikhailo Sosnovsky. Its title: *Dmitro Dontsov. A Political Profile.*

There are two reasons why we have responded to the appearance of this so-called treatise: firstly, its complete lack of scientific substantiation; and secondly, its venomous anti-Sovietism which destorts beyond any recognition the real picture of Ukraine. The fact that the Ukrainian nationalist emigres have the nerve to interpret Ukraine's past and present for their own selfish ends doesn't suprise anyone today. These pathetic renegades resort to anything to earn a crust of bread from the imperialist masters to whom they have sold their body and soul.

Writing about Dontsov we involuntarily recall Kerensky. Just like Dontsov he roamed about the West, vegetating on handouts which he received for his crackpot prophecies about the "imminent" collapse of Soviet power. The only audience which lent him an ear were the mothballed human scraps of the former czarist

empire. Prophesying to the last, he kicked the bucket.

The only difference between Kerensky and Dontsov was that the former actually became Prime Minister of Russia's Provisional Government, while Dontsov remained a petty political clerk. His duties were confined to hissing at Soviet power in notices, articles and brochures. He hissed from the first day of the October Socialist Revolution till his death at the age of ninety.

Except for an unearthly hatred of the Soviet people, particularly the Russians and Ukrainians, there wasn't an ounce of science or theory in anything he wrote.

We realize pretty well that the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists want to elevate Dontsov to sainthood in their murderous religion. Since there wasn't a proper prophet at hand they decided to consecrate Dontsov as one of the Apostles of Ukrainian nationalism. He retained this title to the end of his days, because none of the nationalist mercenaries wielded a venomenous pen as brilliantly as Dontsov. Yet he didn't discover any "Americas" in politics. The biggest book he produced was under the blatant title *Nationalism* — nothing but a simplified rehash of Hitler's savage Gospel *Mein Kampf*.

Now, who was this odious Dontsov? He was born into the family of a landowner from Kherson, who had 4,050 acres of land to call his own. His father leased a part of his landed property and, besides, operated a large commercial firm in Melitopol.

As a student of St. Petersburg University, Dontsov joined the Socialist-Revolutionaries and then went over to the Ukrainian Social Democrats. His former cronies believed that he

contributed chauvinistic articles to the bourgeois-liberal newspaper *Russkiye vedomosti* (Russian Gazette) under an alias, and suspected him of being a police agent.

Before the Revolution Vladimir Lenin saw through the real nature of this turncoat and named him a national-socialist (how aptly this tag anticipates Hitler's national socialism, whose agent Dontsov became twenty years later!) and a nationalist philistine. Dontsov walked around with this unmistakeable brand for sixty years.

In 1908 he went to Western Ukraine where he joined the Union for the Liberation of Ukraine and loyally worked for the Austrian and German militarists. When, in 1918, the Kaiser's troops occupied Ukraine, the German generals brought Dontsov from Berlin to Kiev and ordered him to serve their puppet Hetman Skoropadsky. Like a hireling he obeyed these orders and soon became one of the Hetman's handymen. He even fell for his toughness, as Sosnovsky concedes, and wanted to see in the person of Skoropadsky "our Bonaparte."

After the Hetman was kicked out of Ukraine, Dontsov quickly "reformed" himself and scampered off to Petlura. The latter, along with Konovalets, the butcher of Kiev's "Arsenal" workers, helped Dontsov escape from Kiev in 1919.

Dontsov roved through Switzerland and Austria till January 1922 when he cadged an entry visa to Lviv from Pilsudski. His crony of old, Konovalets, provided him with money and made him editor of the *Literaturno-naukovy visnik* (Literary-Scientific Herald), which Dontsov transformed into a mouthpiece of the most rabid brand of nationalism, spilling an endless flow of dirty slander on the Soviet Union.

In Lviv Dontsov showed himself to be a popularizer of fascism *par excellence*. Apart from Hitler's notorious *Mein Kampf*, he translated into Ukrainian laudatory booklets about the Italian Duce Mussolini and the Spanish Caudillo Franco. His stupidity reached an all-time low, when he compared the Ukrainian popular hero Bohdan Khmelnitsky to the fascist leader Mussolini.

In 1939, when Western Ukraine was liberated, Dontsov fled to Berlin where he stayed (occasionally visiting Prague and other cities) almost to the end of the war, writing for the nazi press and, as an experienced agent, cooperating with fascist security agencies. After the collapse of Hitler's Germany he managed to slip out of Prague into the American occupation zone, from where he went to France, then to the USA, and in the end settled in Canada. Even Dontsov's confederates did not conceal the fact that he collaborated with fascist intelligence. Included in the list of war criminals, Dontsov was to appear before an international tribunal, but his solicitious benefactors were thoughtful to shield the adept spy and ferried him across the Atlantic.

With the end of the Second World War Dontsov began to rage with redoubled energy. He was furious that his lord Hitler had not managed to subjugate the nations of the world, and that Hitler and the system he instituted had been reduced to a pile of ashes.

When, by decision of UNESCO, the UN member-countries celebrated the centennial of Vladimir Lenin's birth, Dontsov published a number of "theoretical" articles in a Munich-based newspaper. In particular, he attacked Lenin's national policy. Abandoning all logic, Dontsov

started praising the Central Rada which sold out Ukraine to the German imperialists. Shedding tears for the Rada, he even went as far as to utter the absurdity that the just struggle of the Ukrainian working people against the Central Rada was supposedly a struggle "against the Ukrainian people themselves." No one in his right mind has ever thought up a greater piece of nonsense than that.

Whatever Dontsov scribbled invariably amounted to one thing only — a pathological hatred of the Soviet people.

Sosnovsky asserts that even before the Revolution Dontsov "came to the conclusion that there is no real ground whatsoever for a common road for the Ukrainian and Russian people..." Dontsov wrote: "The Ukrainian national movement needs a new orientation," by which he meant Ukraine's detachment from Russia and its complete subjugation to the imperialist West. No wonder Petlura hailed Dontsov during those days for such an "orientation." Dontsov & Co. were not really interested in Ukraine and the "Ukrainian movement." They only cared for the factory- and landowners of Ukrainian extractions so they might exploit together the Ukrainian working people. All these political schemings must be traced to the class mentality of Dontsov and his ilk. For whatever nationality a capitalist may belong to, he will always remain an enemy of the working people.

Wherever he could Dontsov proclaimed his credo of militant bourgeois nationalism. After the October Socialist Revolution he tried to belittle its significance, advancing the false thesis that Bolshevism was allegedly a "Russian phenomenon," and that the struggle against Russia was "our collective ideal," i. e. the

nationalists' ideal. Over and over, on the demand of his foreign bosses, he proclaimed "in domestic policy — cultivation of every principle of Western culture... in foreign policy — complete separation from Russia." In one of his brochures he called "for a Ukraine... free from Moscow," adding further on, "free from collective farms." He was outraged at the Ukrainian worker who joined the Russian people in the October Revolution and displayed unprecedented heroism in building socialism and defending Soviet power. Shedding his mask of an admirer of everything Ukrainian, Dontsov revealed his class visage when he cursed the Ukrainian working people, calling them a "herd of plebeians" and "semi-cattle."

On more than one occasion Dontsov was seized with hysterics (quite understandable, since his tutor was Hitler!) and demanded to draw the "rotten blood" of the people. Such bloodthirstiness appealed very much to the nationalist leaders who in the 1970s sent a hundred of their marauders with trident-marked flags to Vietnam to kill old men, women and children.

In 1972, when he had already one foot in the grave, Dontsov made a trip to Portugal. The sickly politican was not so much attracted by the beautiful landscapes of this country as by the prospect of paying his respects to Hitler's assistants, the Portuguese fascists of Salazar. He even wanted to make Portugal his permanent place of residence, being promised a cottage and a pretty retirement pension.

At this point we could place a full stop, because everything seems to have been said in this peculiar epitaph. Yet to sustain our opinion about the worthlessness of Dontsov's "theories" we will take the liberty of quoting some rele-

vant passages from Sosnovsky's book. The nationalists themselves admit that what remained of the theories of Dontsov, the nationalist "ideologue," were only soap bubbles. He was not a scholar at all, but merely a mercenary scribbler. When stripped of his journalist clothing, the "king" of nationalism proved to be naked as a jay bird.

Here's what Sosnovsky has to say in this respect: "Dontsov did not shape his own philosophical system, nor did he develop a distinctive political doctrine." Well, that's something which does not need any additional comment.

Hard as he finds it to admit, Sosnovsky writes what even a rabid enemy of Soviet Ukraine could not help but realize: "Dmitro Dontsov did not create any 'system,' 'synthesis'... or 'ideology' in the strict sense of these notions..."

Although the Banderite leaders wrote in the obituary on Dontsov that he was their partner, a thinker, champion and uncompromising political figure, we know very well that there had actually been no partnership between them, because they all squabbled for the imperialist handouts like spiders in a jar.

The OUN leaders filled his obituary with bombastic phrases for one simple reason — to embelish the irrevocable past, to boost their lost prestige among a handful of adherents so as to mould out of Dontsov some similarity of an OUN "Helmsman."

Long ago, when Dontsov showed a light pair of heels to his Socialist-Revolutionaries friends, they gave him a not too pleasant-sounding nickname — Rusty Nail. He was even proud of it, so they say.

So let's drive this rusty nail into the aspen cross over the grave of a traitor.

P.S. After this pamphlet had appeared in the press I came across the nationalist paper *Homin Ukraïny* (Voice of Ukraine) published abroad. It carried a review by a certain Anatole Bedriy on Sosnovsky's book. The so-called review wonderfully reflects the murderous dissent which exists among the nationalist riffraff.

Dissatisfied with the "monograph" about Dontsov, Bedriy lashes out at Sosnovsky and the author of the preface B. Krawciw for failing to raise Dontsov to the rank of "thinker and guide." Bedriy attacks Sosnovsky for "... depriving Dontsov also of the title of political theorist-thinker" and for his evaluation of Dontsov's activities, which is "... negative through and through, in the sense that it minimizes the historical importance of Dontsov's stature..."

Neither does the critic spare the implacable enemy of the Soviet people, B. Krawciw. He caustically accuses him of "...failing to see in Dontsov an outstanding political philosopher..., an outstanding public thinker, particularly in the quarters of the nationalist elite..." (read: nationalist Banderite clique).

This storm in a tea cup supports once more the idea expressed in our epitaph. The nationalist "disputants" themselves discredit the much-vaunted role of Dontsov, raging with anger because they have failed to pin the title of theorist on him, which he never was. Really he was just a common traitor, which all goes to prove the point that the "monograph" on Dontsov is a soap bubble, just like the title of political thinker which the nationalists try to ascribe to him.

1975

Vasil Mykitas

ENGAGED BY FASCISM

Some years ago the Ukrainian emigre press made quite a fuss over the "jubilee" of Ulas Samchuk, a political and moral misfit whom the Soviet Ukrainian author Yuri Melnichuk aptly dubbed as "Hitler's inkpot servitor." Heaping praises on the "jubilarian," Samchuk's confederates from the newspaper *Svoboda*, the Voice of America, the writers' association-in-exile *Slovo* and similar outcasts lauded their colleague as an outstanding and indefatigable intellectual, journalist and public figure who had made a "great contribution" to Ukrainian culture through his stories, novellas and the novel *Volhynia*. They also mentioned that a third part of his life, which he spent in Ukraine, in Volhynia, inspired his literary and journalistic "activities," and that he was supposed to have been arrested by the nazis in 1942.

Well, that's almost an ideal, rosy-hued portrait of a "champion of Ukraine's liberty," whose literary characters were allegedly "fighting for order, progress; building, but not destroying."

But is it true or not? Let us dwell only on those facts which supplement the profile of the "jubilarian."

Ulas Samchuk hails from Derman in Rovno Region. When he started out on his literary career, his spiritual tutor became D. Dontsov who was one of the most militant ideologues of Ukrainian bourgeois nationalism and a troubadour of fascism. Dontsov started printing the first "writings" of his protege in the *Literaturno-naukovy visnyk* (Literary-Scientific Herald). Dontsov's journal was a mouthpiece of

fascist propaganda, spitting out lies and slander about the Soviet Union, Soviet Ukraine, the culture and literature of socialist realism, as well as about the progressive Western Ukrainian writings of the 1920s—30s. Without any hesitation Samchuk fell for this ideological poison and his scribble reeked of burning hatred of everything Soviet and of the Ukrainian people and their cultural achievements.

Under the direct influence of Dontsov's environment Samchuk chose his God — German fascism, and his apostle — Hitler, to whom he prayed to the last days of his sinister career. Samchuk also won the affection of the fascist-minded servants of Metropolitan Sheptitsky. The Ukrainian Catholic Union acclaimed his novel *Volhynia* as "the greatest literary event of the time." Of course, the Jesuits knew pretty well whom to praise and for what.

For a long time Samchuk hung around quasi-literary nooks in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany until "his day" came in the summer of 1941, when he returned to Volhynia in the train of Hitler's hordes as their interpreter, guide and adviser. "He brought with him from abroad a deep hatred of Ukraine and everything her people had createed and achieved," Yuri Melnichuk wrote. "In Ukraine he was a vagrant who had come with the Hitlerites to establish the 'New Order', to destroy what was built and to kill the living so as to ensure the victory of the fascist vandals."

Together with Stepan Skrypnik — Petlura's former aide-de-camp, a paid agent of the Polish secret police and the Gestapo, and in the end a *Wehrmacht* officer (who, incidentally, is now honored by the name of Archbishop of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church of

the USA) — Samchuk organized and published a tabloid — *Volyn* (Volhynia).

Today the congratulators of the "jubilarian" mention obliquely and unwillingly Samchuk's career as editor and writer of this sheet. Why so? You see, today it's improper to recall Samchuk's political prostitution and his long-standing and intimate affair with German fascism. In one of the first issues of *Volyn* Samchuk editorialized his article glorifying the fascist army and its Führer.

Here is a passage from Samchuk's article, *War*, published in the same tabloid:

"We continue our struggle shoulder to shoulder with the German soldier, be it at the front line or on the numerous fronts at home. We are engaged body and soul. We have placed hundreds of thousands of human lives on the altar of this Moloch. We are bearing the heavy burden of war-time economy. Lastly, we are engaged politically, since we are included in the political system established by the German people (read: fascism — V. M.) and, therefore, for us there is no retreat. We have burned our bridges and must not even wish for this retreat. We must march on with the German people, with its system and its ideals which stand firm and unyielding before our moral vision."

Samchuk really sold himself out to fascism and to the end he remained a mercenary of the fascist beast which devoured not thousands but millions of victims, including some five million in Soviet Ukraine alone.

In the village of Derman (where the "jubilarian" grew up and then "rambled" with his crony S. Skrypnik), the local nationalist bands, inspired by Samchuk's writings, joined the Hitlerites in brutal reprisals against the defiant

villagers, drowning over 450 of them in wells. If possible they would have drowned the whole Ukraine.

That's how Samchuk's vaunted Volhynian murderers were "fighting for progress," "building, but not destroying." As for those "bridges" he wrote about, they have really been burned once and forever in the wake of Hitler's routed armies and his "system" and "ideals" which Samchuk and his league worshiped. They will never return whether the former admirers of fascism like it or not.

For quite obvious reasons the "jubilarian's" confederates "forgot" to recall yet another dirty page from his life story — looting and marauding in broad daylight.

Samchuk himself wrote about this with blunt cynicism in his travel notes published in *Volyn*. In the summer of 1942 he made a trip to Kiev, Kremenchuk, Kharkiv and other cities with the intent to "knock at the door," as he put it, of this "strange, peculiar, unreal and at the same time annoying world" (i. e. Soviet world), in which he had never been before and which he failed to comprehend deeply. After his tour he did not manage to comprehend it, because he always "had one vivid and furious feeling — hatred. Hatred of everything — from a Soviet-made toothbrush to Soviet power. It is with this express feeling that I live and breathe." And, it must be said, that he lives with this feeling to this day.

On his arrival in Kiev, Samchuk hurried with his friends to the *Theater* restaurant to booze, after which he went to loot the homes of the evacuated Kiev writers. Without a trace of shame he rummaged in the homes of Maxim Rylsky, Pavlo Tychina, Volodimir Sosyura, Petro Panch

and other writers, prying into their archives, selecting books from their personal libraries, and taking clothing from their wardrobes. Apparently the looter went through the same procedure in the homes of the evacuated authors of Kharkiv where he went after his stay in Kiev, because on his way back he returned in a truck stuffed with "trophies," instead of in a bus as he had started on his trip.

Did Samchuk have any pangs of conscience later on? you might ask. Nothing of the sort! Back home he wrote an article in which he simply savored his feat of looting:

"All around me are the things I brought back — books and pictures, collections of verse, stories, novels..." (all looted, of course,— V. M.).

What a vile personality, devoid of any civic or moral sense of responsibility Samchuk must have been to plunder the Ukrainian land, to loot the belongings of its best sons and daughters, and then boast of his vandalism in public! But that's exactly what the "great Führer" and Samchuk's vaunted warriors-looters were doing. So why couldn't Hitler's inkpot servitor do the same?

As we have said, the nationalist panegyrists try to convince their readers that Samchuk was imprisoned by the nazis for some misdoing. The question is: what for? For his loyal service to Adolf Hitler? For his servility toward the fascist regime? For his betrayal of the Ukrainian people? For his sky-high praises of Bandera's and Melnik's bands? Oh no, Ulas Samchuk was graciously appointed an adviser in the "art department" of the *Reichskommissariat* under Ukraine's butcher Erich Koch, because "editor US" (as he signed his articles) was adept in marauding. That's exactly why the

fascist invaders needed the likes of him when they hastily removed looted goods, including masterpieces of Ukrainian culture, from the occupied territories. Samchuk could advise them where and what to take.

...The last explosions of the Second World War have now died away. The Soviet people gained a historic victory over German fascism. Hitler committed suicide and Rosenberg was strung up at the gallows together with his henchmen. Western Ukraine's people thought that Hitler's eulogist and editor of the pro-fascist tabloid *Volyn*, Samchuk, also got lost without leaving a trace behind. But no. In his seventies Samchuk is still vegetating in the "diaspora," working off his thirty silver pieces of treason.

In his book *Ukrainian Literature in Canada*, the progressive Canadian political and social journalist Petro Kravchuk wrote:

"The most vociferous penpusher in Canada today is Ulas Samchuk. He writes big 'novels' and 'stories,' spilling over with hatred of Soviet Ukraine and glorifying the banditry of the UPA organized by the nazis to conduct subversive operations in the Soviet Army's rear. He continues besmirching emigrant workers in the American continent, praising, understandably, the nationalist 'elite.' "

That's the real visage of Ulas Samchuk who had been "engaged by fascism"; it is not what his present-day cold-war cronies are trying to present him as.

1975

ОБРЕЧЕННЫЕ ИСТОРИЕЙ

Сборник памфлетов и статей

Составитель
Тарас Степанович Мигаль

Перевод с украинского
А. Н. Беленко

Издательство «Дніпро»

(На английском языке)

Редактор *В. С. Ружицький*
Художник *А. П. Відоняк*
Художній редактор *С. П. Савицький*
Технічний редактор *Л. І. Ільченко*
Коректор *Л. В. Соколова*

Інформ. бланк № 758

Здано на виробництво 28.06. 78.
Підписано до друку 20.11.78.
БФ 33116.
Формат 75 × 90$^{1}/_{32}$.
Папір друкарський № 3.
Гарнітура літературна.
Друк високий.
Умовн. друк. арк. 8,437.
Обліково-видавн. арк. 8,98.
Тираж 3000. Зам. 8—1774.
Ціна 1 крб. 20 коп.

Видавництво «Дніпро».
252601, Київ-МСП,
Володимирська, 42.

Головне підприємство
республіканського
виробничого об'єднання
«Поліграфкнига»
Держкомвидаву УРСР,
252057, Київ-57, Довженка, 3.